

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## Reaction of the New World on the Old.

The example of the United States is reacting on Europe with a profounder and more enduring force than it did on France at the outset of its existence. Europe now recognizes our country as the legitimate arbiter of this continent, and, instead of being jealous and denunciatory of our acquisition of territory, is impatient because we are slow or unwilling to go into territorial aggrandizement. The organs of the French Empire, whose head sent its legions to Mexico avowedly to build up a counterpoise to the United States, not only in race, but in institutions and religion, are now vociferous because we do not undertake the very reverse of what Napoleon failed to accomplish. On all sides the theory and policy of Old World intervention in America is abandoned, and, "from the centre all round to the sea," the dominion of the continent, "and the islands thereof," is conceded to this great consolidated republic, which has proved itself equal to the direst emergencies in which a nation can be placed.

The great truth that the people are the true source of power, and that the only power entitled to be called "divine" is that which springs from their untrammelled suffrages, and is directed to their good and their glory, has penetrated every part of the civilized, and is making rapid headway in all parts of the semi-civilized, world. It has received a glorious illustration in Spain, where a dynasty has been changed, and a chasm of ages bridged over, in a day, with less loss of life and suffering than is involved in the burning of a ship at sea, and which has been followed by a moderation and patriotic abnegation hitherto deemed impossible in the face of so great a political convulsion. It was a student of the principles and practice of the United States, Gen. Prim, who organized and carried out this great, and up to this time, most glorious revolution. His experience in Mexico taught him that the will of God, in controlling the destinies of nations, cannot be reversed by human means, and he told the Emperor of France, in a bold letter, concentrating more political intelligence and practical statesmanship in fewer words than any other that has been written in this century, that no monarchy could be imposed on Mexico,

because the people, although poor, distracted and ignorant, had, nevertheless, tasted Freedom, and "a man once free can never be again enslaved." The great lesson taught to him in Mexico was amplified and enforced when, refusing further to be an instrument

monarchical and oligarchical nations. With his experiences fresh and vivid, and his impressions and convictions strong, he returned to Madrid and told the Queen, "You must change your principles of Government to meet the exigencies of the age, or you are lost. The

oppress, and drive you from your throne!" No empty threat, as events have grandly proved.

The extension of the franchise in England, and the political ameliorations in Austria, are equally, if not so conspicuously as we see them in Spain, the results of the influences and tendencies we have indicated. They have elicited from the *London Times* the confession, "that everywhere the mass of the people are beginning to take an interest in political events, and consequently to influence them. The commonalty will henceforth in every country make its own history. . . . The seeds of liberty have been too widely sown to be anywhere completely destroyed, and if each nation or race knows what it wants, and takes the opportunity of demanding it, we may hope for such contentment of the European populations as will be an effectual obstacle to military ambition."

## Second Annual Report of the Home for Incurables.

We will yield to none in admiration and reverence for the good men among us who devote their time and wealth to lightening the sufferings of humanity. We disclaim, in advance of the remarks we have to make, the slightest intention of hindering the good work of which the pamphlet before us gives an interesting outline. Indeed, it is impossible to say too much in support of a charity, the very name of which appeals to our tenderest sympathies. Incurable! confession at once of the limits which medical science has reached; and the utterance of a doom even more terrible than that of death itself. When one who labors for daily bread dies without warning, the tears and grief of his surviving family have no bounds. But the worst is over, and the consolations of Christian charity bind up the wounds which only time can heal. Who, however, shall depict the anguish of the poor who watch the bedside from which the unfortunate who lies there helpless shall never rise—their unavailing tenderness—the long, weary months and years during which affection

can work no cure, if even it can cause one hour's alleviation from racking pain; and all this among pinching poverty, where one idle consumer turns the scale against honest independence? To provide such sufferers a home where the burden of their support may be



GRADUATE AND STUDENT—A SCENE ON THE STEPS OF THE "TOMB." (CITY PRISON) NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 131.

of the mad French Emperor's ambitions and schemes, he came to the United States and found a free people, capable of greater sacrifices and more gigantic efforts to maintain and support a principle than had ever been made or put forth in the history of

people are now wiser than their rulers." And when the infamous Queen retorted with the arrogance and impulsiveness of her race, "Leave the palace, and never show your face in Madrid," he replied, "I go; but shall return soon with the people you despise and



taken from those ill able to bear it, where the best medical aid may be afforded, and where they may receive the comforts and luxuries which their condition requires, is the object of the founders of this charity. We are glad to see they have not lacked material aid in the shape of large donations, and earnestly hope that their appeal to the public for a continuance of a liberal support will not pass unheeded.

But when we look into the Report, we are struck by the absence of much that the reading public would like to be informed about. It is silent as to the mode in which patients may be admitted to the Home, and the qualifications they must possess—whether the superintendent be the sole judge of the fitness of an applicant, or the managers, or the clerical managers. When it is seen that Article Eight of the Constitution provides that these latter shall consist of eighteen of the clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of New York, one naturally asks whether applicants are subjected to a religious test? We hope it is not so. From the spirit of fervent charity which breathes throughout the Report, from repeated allusions to the "good Samaritan," who was certainly of the laity, while the priest and the Levite passed by, we would fain believe that no restriction of sect, color, or country is allowed. Were it otherwise, we should dread for this noble charity the fate of becoming a close corporation, and its excellent aims being used only as a means of the glorification of "Saint Barnabas and our Church."

Ordinary people will be at a loss to understand why the list of donations is given with so much exactness, even down to Mrs. Jeasup's solitary pie. We cannot believe that the excellent ladies who have given of their abundance, fruits, flowers, vegetables, and cast-off clothing, care to have their names paraded opposite to such trifles; but this, however, is a matter of taste, with which we shall not quarrel. What is of most importance, at least to the inmates, is to know that these luxuries reach them without paying toll. We will not dispute that the nurses at the Home may be the most self-denying of their race, though that would not be saying much in their favor, and may never gratify their own tastes by eating what is meant for the patients. From all we hear on this subject, we are convinced that patients, especially pauper patients, are great sufferers from the caprices and inattention of those who are hired to wait on them; and if this be the case in large public hospitals, much more is this fault possible in a place like the Home for Incurables, where it must be difficult at all times to watch the watchers; and moreover, the bedridden patient, knowing his or her dependence on the good offices of the nurse, is afraid to make any complaint of negligence or ill-usage. We trust, however, that in this respect, the Home is a striking exception to other similar institutions.

### REDUCTION IN PRICE.

#### Frank Leslie's Illustrated Almanac for 1869.

Now ready, Price 20 cents, formerly 50 cents.

Frank Leslie's Lady's Illustrated Almanac, with over 50 beautiful illustrations, 32 pages of interesting reading matter, specially adapted for ladies. This is the only Illustrated Lady's Almanac published, and is now in its seventh year. Also,

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64 pages, price 35 cents, formerly 50 cents, with 4 beautiful chromo-lithographic pictures, superbly colored, and fully equal to oil paintings. These have been selected from the most popular works of Louis Lang and other celebrated painters; besides 60 beautiful engravings, and 64 pages of interesting reading matter.

ALSO, PRICE 15 CENTS,

Frank Leslie's Comic Almanac for 1869, 32 PAGES.

With upward of 80 splendid illustrations, and full of the most humorous reading matter.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.  
537 Pearl Street, New York.

#### Preliminary Notice.

With the advent of the new year we shall commence the publication of a new journal, to be entitled,

"THE NEW WORLD."

We intend making our new paper a model of its kind, founded upon our long experience of what the public require.

More extended notices of the design of our new journal will be given in future advertisements.

#### Cuba.

RELIABLE advices from Cuba represent that there is a deep and widespread desire for separation from Spain, notwithstanding the change that has taken place in the mother country, and notwithstanding the ameliorations proposed by the revolutionary leaders as

regards the colonies. It is independence, and not reform alone that the Cubans desire; and we misunderstand them greatly if they will not be glad to secure this in a peaceable and amicable manner. There is little relationship, and no sympathy, between the Spaniards and the Creoles. This is the result of a long period of rigorous rule; for Cuba is governed, and has been governed for more than a quarter of a century by martial law. Its people have had absolutely no constitutional rights or privileges. The Captain-General has been, for the time being, a dictator, whose will was law, and against which there was neither appeal or redress. We do not doubt that, under the new regime in Spain, the condition of the island of Cuba would be greatly improved, its people invested with political rights, and given some voice in the administration of their own affairs, as well as in the affairs of the nation at large. We believe that Prim and his coadjutors, of every shade of opinion and feeling, are disposed to deal fairly and honorably with the Cubans, and that almost anything the latter might ask would be conceded to them. Anything, probably, except independence—the only thing, it seems, that the Cubans really want, and which they are bound to obtain sooner or later. We grieve to find that a large part of them are convinced that their object can only be effected by force, and we are sorry to see that the existing Spanish authorities in Cuba have thought it their duty to use the arms of the new and liberal government of Spain to repress the aspirations of the Cuban people. If, as there is reason to believe, serious conflicts have taken place, we may depend on it that they will not cease until the independence of Cuba is complete.

We look confidently to the new and enlightened government of Spain to stop everything like the forcible repression of the Cubans, and to submit to them, by popular vote, of adhesion or separation from the mother country. We look hopefully to the Cubans themselves to cease all armed demonstrations, and to propose to Spain to pay into its treasury for twenty years the net annual revenue it now derives from the island, at the same time putting the relations between the two countries on the most favorable and advantageous footing. With moderation on both sides, and after a full consideration of all the interests involved, we feel sure Spain and Cuba could easily reach an adjustment satisfactory and advantageous to both.

On the other hand, nothing is more certain than that Spain cannot hold Cuba by force for any long period; and it is equally certain that Cuba cannot obtain independence by force, except at the cost of great sacrifice of blood and money.

AMONG the decrees of the Spanish Junta is one concerning the Jesuits. It orders the suppression in the Peninsula and its colonies of the Order, and the closing within a period of three days of all its colleges, institutions and other establishments, and the confiscation of all its temporalities. Under this latter head are comprised all the estates and effects of the Society, lands, buildings, stocks, etc. These are to form part of the capital of the nation under the regulations prescribed by the royal decree of the 4th of July, 1835. The Junta has also put forth a "declaration of rights." It embraces the following principles: Universal suffrage, liberty of worship, liberty of instruction, liberty of peaceful reunion and association, liberty of printing without special legislation; administrative decentralization, which will devolve authority on the municipalities and the provinces; trial by jury in criminal matters; unity of jurisdiction in all branches of the administration of justice; judicial immutability; individual security of domicile and correspondence, and abolition of the punishment of death.

THERE is an illogical error which is universal: it is answering to the matter of a question, independently of its form. If you do not like, say traveling, and any one asks, "Do you not like traveling?" you must answer, "No! I do not," but you ought to say, "Yes! I do not." It is clear that a person who says "No" to "Do you?" ought to say "Yes" to "Do you not?" There is a Joe Miller in which a person intending to answer a wrong-speaking questioner in his own division, is made to answer rightly. The story says that the question was, "You don't know nobody, nowhere, that hasn't got no job of work for no poor fellow to do, don't you?" and that the answer, meant to be as absurd as the question, was, "Yes! I don't."

THERE were industrious fleas before our time. Baron Walckenaer (who died in 1852), saw with his own eyes, for twelve cents, in the Place de la Bourne, Paris, four learned fleas perform the manual exercise, standing upright on their hind legs, with a splinter of wood to serve for a pike. Two other fleas dragged a golden carriage, with a third flea holding a whip on the box for coachman. Another pair dragged a cannon. The flea horses were harnessed by a golden chain fastened to their hind legs, which was never taken off. They had lived this way two years and a half, without any mortality among them, when Walckenaer saw them. They took their meals on their keeper's arm. Their fleas were performed on a

plate of polished glass. When they were sulky and refused to work, the man, instead of whipping them, held a bit of lighted charcoal over their backs, which very soon brought them to their senses.

THE act to regulate the sale of poisons was passed in 1861. But during the past five years fifty-two deaths have been registered from poison accidentally administered, while not less than seventy-three out of 263 suicides have been committed by means which the law was intended to counteract.

THE senile snob who disgraces the post of American Minister in England, and outrages every sentiment of nationality and every impulse of patriotism by consorting with the men who have been and are our bitterest enemies and traitors, the Wharfedales, Roebucks, and Lairds, has at last become aware of the contempt and indignation which his conduct has excited throughout the United States. He hopes, however, that he will be able to bear the "censure of his countrymen with Christian resignation." We do not know precisely what he means by that, but we can assure him that his official resignation would be the most acceptable thing he can tender to a disgusted constituency. If we understand the character and temper of General Grant, Mr. Reverdy Johnson's tenure of office will very nearly coincide with that of his illustrious namesake.

IN reflecting on the probable future of Spain, now that its people are likely to decide its affairs for themselves, we must not forget that it is by no means a homogeneous State. The old provincial pride is strong, and the spirit of localism intense. In fact, the provinces have always kept themselves almost as distinct in feeling and character as though they were separate nations. The Catalans, from whom came the recent proclamation of the Federal Republic, are of the same family as the people of Southern France; the Valencians are descendants of the ancient Numidians; in Andalusia, the Moorish blood still exists; in Castile, the pride of the Northmen, who came down and conquered the Peninsula, still lingers in their blood; the Gallegos are Portuguese, and the Basques are probably the original Spaniards whose ancestry saw the Romans come, fought the Moors, and bowed their necks to the Goths.

WE recommend those brazen creatures of the female sex who publish newspapers and organize scandal clubs under the title of "Sorosis," to read the recently published letter of Florence Nightingale to a person named Moss (an American we infer), dated London, September 13th. We cannot quote in full, but she says to those women, young and old, who claim the privileges of men in addition to the prerogatives of women:

"1—I would also say to all young ladies who are called to any peculiar vocation, qualify yourselves for it as a man does for his work. Don't think you can undertake it otherwise. No one should attempt to teach the Greek language until he is master of the language; and this he can become only by hard study. And,

"2—if you are called to man's work, do not exact a woman's privileges—the privilege of inaccuracy, of weakness, of muddleheads. Submit yourselves to the rules of business as men do, by which alone you can make God's business succeed; for He has never said that He will give His success and His blessing to inefficiency; to sketching and unfinished work."

The "muddleheads" had best leave voting and fighting and the "rough-and-tumble" of life to those best adapted to them, and attend to their houses and their babies—unless, indeed, they propose to abolish the latter encumbrances.

FERDINAND, father of the young King Luis of Portugal, is talked of as a candidate for the vacant throne of Spain. He is of the family of Saxe Coburg Gotha; a cousin of the reigning Duke Ernst II. of that family, and of the late Prince Consort Albert of England. It is doubtless true that he would be more acceptable to both England and Prussia than any Bourbon; but that he would be unobjectionable to the Emperor Napoleon is very doubtful. Moreover, a monarchy hereditary in his line would inevitably, upon the next demise of the crown, unite Portugal with Spain, since the royal house of Portugal are the children and heirs of Ferdinand.

GENERAL ROSECRANS, so say those most reliable of all sources of information, the Washington correspondents, does not take the trouble of going to Mexico, to fill the place of Minister, because he believes in Grant's election, and knows that, after his Sulphur Spring campaign, his fitness for the place will not be obvious to the occupant of the White House. General Rosecrans is obviously not so great a fool as his self-constituted embassy to Lee & Co. would imply. We admire his prudence.

AT the outset of the war, the American Commercial Marine was equal to that of Great Britain, and increasing in a vastly greater ratio than hers. To-day it is below what it was in 1860, eight years ago. It should have been greater than that of our rival by a million of tons. And why is it? Because the abettors of piracy in Liverpool, and on the Clyde, covered the sea with piratical vessels, built, owned, manned and armed by Englishmen. And the most conspicuous of these destroyers of our commerce is the man whom Mr. Beverdy Johnson is delighted to honor. He not only dines with him, but rises from his seat to accept his introduction in the presence of a hall full of guests. We are glad to learn that all true Americans, and all sympathizers with our country, eschew Mr. Johnson, as they do his new friend, Laird, who has inflicted more material injury on the country than any thousand other men.

A GERMAN of the name of Frank Vester has been good enough to invent a safety coffin, the merit of which consists in its enabling any one who happens to be buried alive in such a coffin, in his usual state of health and nerve, to rectify the mistake when he discovers it, by either climbing out through a sort of chimney, or, if he be not quite equal to that gymnastic effort, by ringing a bell for the sexton to come and help him. The "safety coffin" is higher and bigger than ordinary coffins, so as to admit of the free movement of the body, and under the head is a receptacle for wine and refreshments. A box about two feet square rises from the head of the coffin to about a foot above the ground, and in this box there is a sort of ladder, by which a person interred alive can climb out, if he is vigorous enough. A spring inside enables the occupant to ring a bell, and, as we understand, to uncloset the external lid of the chimney, which cannot be unclosed from outside. Herr Vester had himself buried alive some weeks ago in one of his own coffins in Newark, and after an interment of more than an hour, emerged in a minute after the signal was given, "with no more perceptible exhaustion than would be caused by walking two or three blocks under the hot sun." Unfortunately, persons are not buried alive in a state of nerve and bodily vigor that would enable them on awaking unexpectedly in the grave to search for and consume lunch, touch springs, and climb a chimney, even if they could hope to make more sure of being buried by their friends in a properly appointed safety coffin than of not being buried alive at all.

GENERAL BARRINGER, of North Carolina, one of the Confederate generals, has written a letter favoring the election of General Grant. Of him he says:

"On some accounts, I prefer a military man. As a class they have few prejudices. The soldiers of the two armies will be the first to forget the unhappy past, and rejoice together in the hopes of the future. General Grant was magnanimous to us in the surrender. He has uttered no unkind words of us. He has commended the noble qualities of the Southern army. He is neither a negro-hater nor a negro-shipper. It can now be only his ambition to restore the Union. He has saved—to restore it in all its parts, its interests, its sympathies and its aspirations. He will not only give us peace and prosperity, but a Union we can love and a Government we can honor."

And of the "Reconstruction Acts":  
"These measures were not unconstitutional; nor were they designed as punishments. The time had passed for punishments. The Northern theory of the Constitution always favored coercion. The Southern Whigs believed in it, until they were befogged by secession. Coercion was made good on the field of battle, and with it followed all the rights incident to successful war. But if this is not so, still the fact remained, that we were a conquered people, and it was worse than folly for those who set out by inaugurating unsuccessful war to dictate terms to the conqueror. The truth is, no written constitution can stand the test of civil war. The Confederate Constitution was shattered ere six months, and by the very men who now denounce Congress for usurpation."

THE SOROSISTERS—Creatures who claim all the prerogatives of men and insist on all the privileges of women, without accepting the responsibilities of the one or undertaking the duties of the other.

#### A Scotch Saint.

A VALUED correspondent, lately in the capital of Scotland, has been stirred to wrath because Scotchmen, staunch Presbyterians, having no other saints, have chosen to canonize, in a certain fashion, the last of their queens, whose right to honorable distinction he vigorously disputes. In fact, he ranks her, in respect of character and morals, with Catherine of Russia and the fugitive Isabella of Spain. With commendable prudence he retreated to the Continent after perpetrating the following piece of infidelity, which we print, as showing to what a pass historical studies and criticism will conduct the best of men. Some one has lately shown that Joan of Arc was no better than she should be, and the character of Charlotte Corday has been called in question! Oh! faithless age! Leave us to cherish our pleasant delusions!

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND, August, 1868.

"And by this door Queen Mary made her entry to the chapel, coming from the castle," said a venerable old lady to us, on a visit to the famous St. Giles Cathedral in this city. Queen Mary of Scots! Queen Mary, the blessed martyr! Queen Mary, the fairest of Scotland! and so on, till one ignorant of her history would surely think she could have been nothing less than an angel of light, lent for a period from heaven.

Returning from Holyrood Palace, after seeing the castle, I fell into a mood of reflecting upon the vanity of all endeavors for fame and good repute, and how false and absurd is history, and how little reliance is to be placed upon public opinion. Here is a striking example of a woman who, in the seven short years she was Queen of Scotland, outraged the commonest proprieties of decent society, committed and was party to the most heinous crimes, sought to betray her Protestant subjects to foreign domination and persecution, took to the field in open battle against her loyal people in support of a hated murderer, and finally, for conspiracies against Elizabeth's crown, and a thousand irregularities not tolerable for a day in another woman, she is, for the peace and good of Great Britain, exalted. And now she is remembered only as the beautiful Queen of Scots! Is canonized as a saint, and her pictures are in every shop-window, in every lady's boudoir, in the young ladies' school-rooms, everywhere, as one in France sees the bust of Napoleon: he who, in a period of fourteen years, succeeded in accomplishing the destruction of millions of Frenchmen, and brought that fair land to the most abject submission to foreign foes!

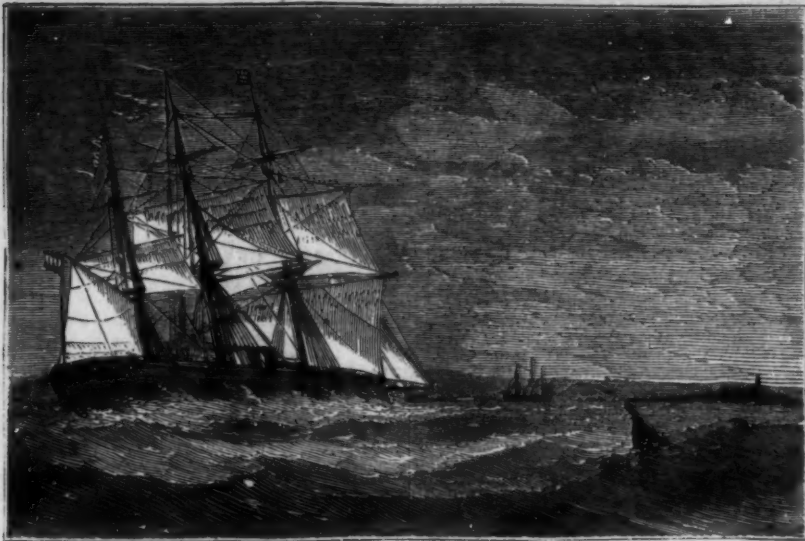
Seated in the shade of the Observatory Monument, I could see at one glance the most notable spots of Queen Mary's career. Holyrood Palace, down in the vale, a short half mile from the centre of the city, where the queen one day was entertaining her favorite Rizzio. Darnley, her husband, had been persuaded by the lords and nobles to admit them by a private stairway to the banqueting-room. On their entry the queen clasped



"Weel, sir," said the husband and father, "if ye sit doon a wee, we may be able to tell ye, for we're just trying to settle that point."



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 133.



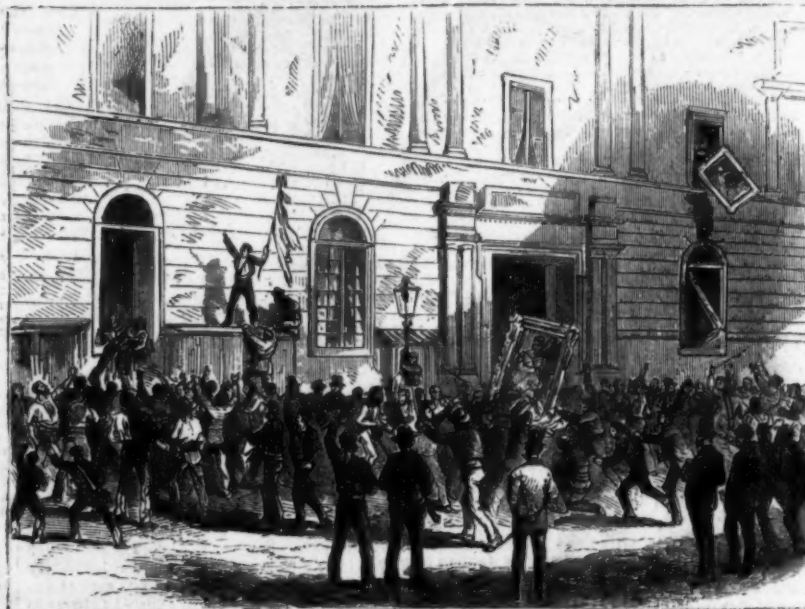
THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN—THE IRONCLAD STEAMSHIP VICTORIA SUMMONING CORUNNA TO SURRENDER TO THE INSURGENTS.



THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN—THE INSURGENTS BURNING A HULK IN THE HARBOR OF BARCELONA.



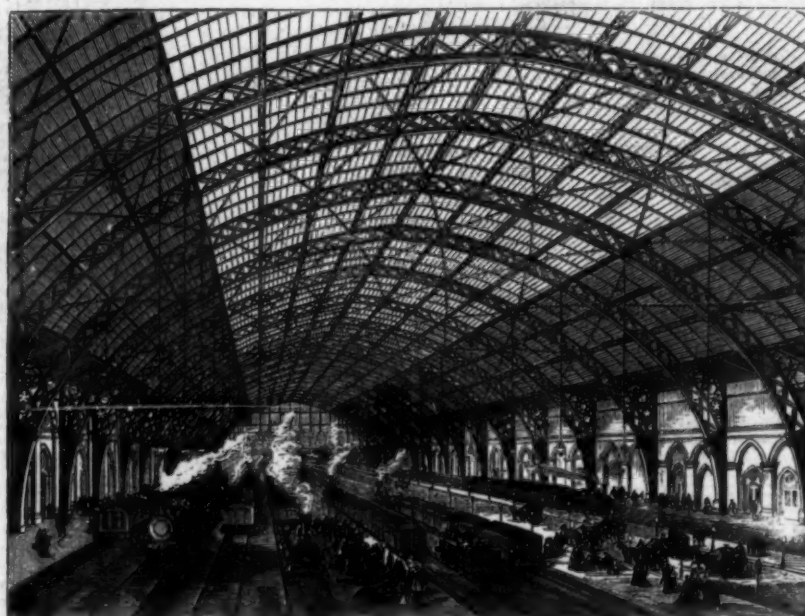
THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN—THE FIGHT AROUND THE THEATRE AT ALICANTE



THE REVOLUTION IN SPAIN—SCENE BEFORE THE OFFICE OF THE MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS, AT MADRID.



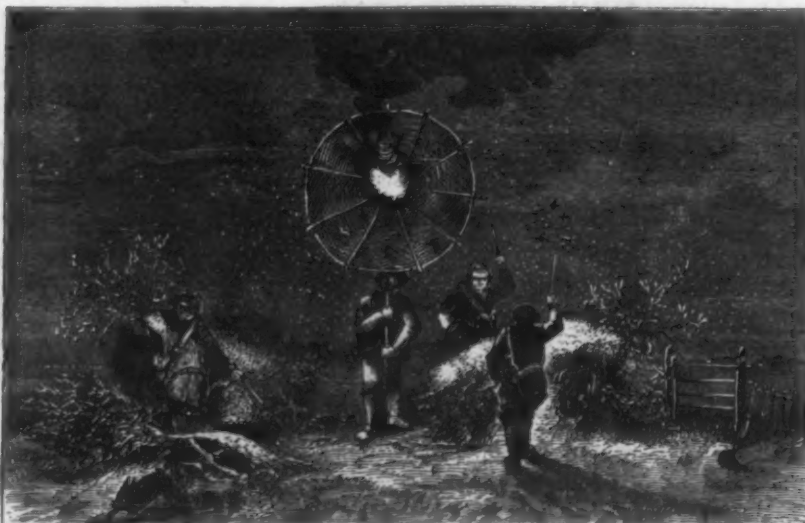
THE IMPERIAL CASTLE AT PAU, FRANCE, THE PRESENT RESIDENCE OF EX-QUEEN ISABELLA, OF SPAIN.



THE NEW ST. PANCRA'S (MIDLAND) RAILWAY TERMINUS, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND.



A GROUP IN DUTCH GUIANA



CATCHING BIRDS AT NIGHT IN ITALY.



## Portraits of the Leading Men of the Revolution in Spain.—SEE PAGE 135.



ADMIRAL JUAN TOPETE, MINISTER OF MARINE.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE ILLUSTRATED EUROPEAN PRESS.

## The Revolution in Spain—Our Pictures of the Insurrection.

We give four pictures of events connected with the dethronement of Isabella of Spain. The revolution, involving political results of extraordinary importance, has been accomplished with so little bloodshed, so rapidly and so thoroughly, that the civilized world cannot refrain from applauding the popular movement that has so suddenly awakened an old and worn-out nationality from its lethargy. Already the Great Powers of Europe, and our own Government, have signified their disposition to accept the new order of affairs in Spain, and the spirit of Progress will await with anxiety to discover how real and lasting may be the sentiment that has inspired this revolution. The insurgents have, certainly, exhibited great moderation, and, in that respect, have disarmed the criticism of their enemies. Immediately after the first outbreak in Cadix, the vessels of the fleet proceeded to various parts of the coast, and invited the leading towns to join in the revolt. In several instances they surrendered; but at Corunna, before which the ironclad frigate Victoria made its appearance, the rising at first hung fire. The authorities refused to comply with the demand of the commander of the frigate that the place should surrender, whereupon the vessel withdrew. This was on the 23d ult.; but a change of sentiment speedily occurred, for on the 24th, Corunna, Zamora, Orense, Nigo, and Ponte Vedra had risen. The battle that was fought in the streets of Alicante, around the theatre, and the tumultuous scenes at Madrid, in front of the office of the Minister of Public Works, are represented in our engravings; but the wonder is, that we have so little to illustrate in the way of armed collisions, at the close of a revolutionary campaign fraught with such grand consequences. At Barcelona the insurgents amused themselves by making a bonfire of an old hulk at anchor in the harbor, and some other scenes of violence were enacted, that the excitement and exaltation of the populace may well excuse; but, altogether, the people of Spain have given a splendid example to those nationalities that desire to effect a change for the better in their political existence.

## The Imperial Castle at Pau, France, the Present Residence of Ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain.

Isabella, ex-Queen of Spain, is now residing in the Imperial chateau at Pau, where every preparation has been made for

the reception of herself, her family, and suite. The place is a splendid residence. A prefect of the palace of the Tuilleries, employes, and a number of servants belonging to the Emperor's household, perform the service of the chateau of Pau, in all respects similar to that of the imperial residence in Paris. The town is beautifully situated, and has excellent promenades. It was the capital of the old province of Bearn, and Henry IV. of France was born in its ancient royal castle, now occupied by Isabella. Pau is also the birthplace of General Bernadotte, afterward King of Sweden. The ex-Queen now lives a secluded life, and spends the most of her time in the small apartments on the first floor of the chateau.

## The New St. Pancras (Midland) Railway Terminus, Euston Road, London.

One of the largest railway stations ever built, and the largest area in the world ever covered in by a single roof, was thrown open to the public on Thursday, October 1. This structure is the terminus of the Great Midland Railway, and is lo-



GENERAL LA TORRE.

thing of the kind in Guiana. The Caribs there are the same as were their ancestors. In the recesses of their deep forests they live by the chase. But in Guiana the Caribs are much less unsocial than in other countries where they are found. The government, with a very few soldiers and a small police force, keeps them in perfect order. The natives are free to come and go into settlements like the foreign inhabitants, and they are often to be seen in company with the soldiers, and with the groups of women, laborers and policemen, as represented in our engraving.

## Bird-Catching at Night in Italy.

Our engraving represents a singular method of catching birds practiced in Italy, chiefly in the vicinity of Naples. Imagine the frame of an enormous umbrella attached perpendicularly to a large stick. This frame is composed of light switches forming radii, to which is attached a silken network, rather loose and covered with glue. In the centre is fixed a lamp fed with rags and grease. When the apparatus is finished, it resembles one of those immense spider-webs that are sometimes seen in the woods. Into the web so constructed the birds, attracted by the glare of the flaming rags, fly headlong, and are caught by the strong glue. The hunters, armed with sticks, strike them down as they flutter helplessly in the silken meshes.

**EXTRAORDINARY RECOVERY OF SPEECH.**—The *Journal des Pyrenes Orientales* says: "An incident has just occurred at La Manère of so extraordinary a nature that we would hesitate to publish it, if we had not heard it related by the person whom it principally concerns. Some days back, five young men of the neighborhood went to bathe in a pool of small extent, but nearly twenty feet deep and fed by a mountain torrent. The first to plunge in, Hippolyte Serre, swam safely across, and was seated on the opposite bank, where he sat watching a companion named Coll, who had followed him. The latter, who had been deaf and dumb since a very serious illness, brought on five years back by a disappointment in love, had reached the middle of the water, where he was seen to struggle convulsively and then disappear beneath the surface. Serre plunged in to his assistance, and, seizing him when he came up, succeeded in bringing him to the brink, where he was helped out by the others. Coll had no sooner recovered his senses than he exclaimed, 'Mon Dieu! Sainte Vierge du Corail! Hippolyte, you have saved me!' The shock had in fact restored to him his speech, of which an emotion had previously deprived him."



GENERAL JUAN PRIM, MINISTER OF WAR.

calced on the Euston Road, London. It consists of a huge iron and glass shed, 700 feet in length, 100 feet in height, and 240 feet in width. Instead of erecting massive walls for the support of the roof, it is made to spring directly from the ground, the space between the principal arches, twenty-five in number, being walled up more as a matter of ornament than of use. The weight of each of the principal arches is 50 tons. Beneath the station is an extensive range of cellars, and still further down in the ground are the Fleet Sewer, and a branch of the Underground Railway.

## Dutch Guiana—Women, Soldiers, Laborers, and Policemen.

The Caribs of Guiana do not at all resemble the red men of North America. Neither should they be confounded with the indigenous race that form the base of the rural population of Mexico and Peru. In the latter countries, besides the testimony of writings that date from the conquest, the ruins of gigantic monuments are still there to attest that people far advanced in civilization dwelt there. No



FRANCISCO SERRANO, PRESIDENT OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT.



SALUSTIANO OLAGUER, MINISTER TO FRANCE.



## THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES.

HAST thou not heard it, the universal music?  
The throbbing harmony, the old eternal rhyme?  
In the wild billows roaring,  
In the mad torrent pouring,  
And keeping with the stars its beat and march sublime?  
HAST thou not heard it when the night was silent,  
And nothing stirred but winds amid the trees,  
And the star-orbits, strings of harps celestial,  
Seemed quivering to the rush of melodies?  
If in thy soul there pulse not some faint responsive echo  
Of that supernal everlasting hymn,  
Thou'rt of the low earth, lowly,  
Or livest life unholy,  
Or dullest spiritual sense by carnal grossness dim.  
Hear it, O Poet, hear it! O Preacher, give it welcome!  
O Loving heart, receive it, deep in thine inmost core,  
The harmony of Angels, Glory, for ever Glory,  
Glory and Peace and Joy, and Love for evermore!

## VIERGIE.

BY MARIO UCHARD.

XV.

I SHALL not attempt to describe the confusion of my thoughts when I left Sir Clarence. I was overcome by the constraint I had imposed on myself in order to remain calm and not change the conversation into a violent quarrel between rivals. The idea that Viergie might be taken from me, came upon me like some unforeseen disaster. I had gone to Sir Clarence with the conviction that the information I had to give him would at once make him withdraw his proposal, and it was with extreme astonishment, and secret humiliation, that I only found in him a feeling of pride in being able to repair the injustice that fate had inflicted on Viergie. There was, however, no reason for hesitation after such a sincere declaration on his part.

I conveyed Sir Clarence's message to the marchioness, and then strolled into the park in order to calm my agitation.

One thought distracted my mind, and I asked myself who was the most insane, Sir Clarence or I? For the first time I realized the truth of this strange situation, on which the recollection of the past weighed in spite of myself; for the first time I was compelled to regard Viergie no longer as the daughter of La Mariasse. This girl whom I had met in rags, and whom Marulas wished to give up to me, had been made by Sir Clarence's offer the equal of Genevieve. Some one could marry Viergie, then! I loved her, and I fancied she loved me, and I had repulsed that love, which had been offered to me in all its artless passion.

I arrived late at La Morniere the next morning, and learned on reaching there that Sir Clarence had left. At the first word my aunt uttered, I comprehended that she had told all to Viergie. I questioned her with a glance; she made a sign to me to be discreet.

"I hope things are going on well," she added, in a whisper, at the same time smiling.

This blow went straight to my heart, but I had strength enough to conceal it. Viergie was at the piano with Genevieve, taking her music-lesson. I thought there was an unusual expression of animation in her face. My eyes met hers, and I surprised a gloomy, penetrating gleam, which went to the depth of my soul. I felt that in this lightning glance she scrutinized my most secret thought. A smile of pity moved her lips.

In a moment or two my aunt went and sat on the balcony. I followed her.

"Well," said I, "what have you done about Sir Clarence?"

"He took leave of us yesterday evening, in order to spare Viergie the embarrassment of bidding her adieu."

"You have spoken to Viergie?"

"Yes; and, between ourselves, I think she suspected Sir Clarence's feelings toward her."

"What did she say?"

"We had quite a long conversation. I did not make her a direct proposition. I first interrogated her as indifferently as I could as to what she thought of Genevieve's cousin. You know how difficult it is to read the heart; yet, from the flattering opinion she expressed concerning him, I fancy she at least likes him very much, which augurs well. After ascertaining this fact, I turned the conversation to her future, expressing the great desire I felt to see her happy, and assuring her that I would leave her free to choose as her heart might dictate. I then told her of Sir Clarence's proposal. If you had seen her astonishment and her emotion, you would have scarcely believed it! Sir Clarence asks me to be his wife!" she exclaimed, as if she could not realize it.

"And she loves him?" I exclaimed, with a sinking heart; "and has accepted him?"

"I did not press her on that point; on the contrary, I told her to question her heart before replying, but from the joy she evinced, it is easy to divine what her answer will be."

I listened in consternation. My aunt, indulging in the hope of such unexpected happiness, enlarged on a thousand projects. Was it not, in fact, a consolation for the agony she had endured, and the doubts that racked her mind, that this unlooked-for marriage would release her from all alarm on account of Genevieve? Lady Clarence O'Brien, whatever might be her birth, would possess rank, family, and an envied fortune. What a sudden change, and what a dream!

"By-the-by," added my aunt, "I must tell you that Viergie asked me whether you knew of Sir Clarence's proposal. I did not conceal from her that I had solicited your advice."

The music-lesson finished, Genevieve informed me that they were going to take a run in the woods. In a few minutes they appeared in their riding-habits; the horses were brought round, and we started off. It was impossible for me to have a conversation with Viergie during the ride. I judged from the mysterious whisperings between her and Genevieve that the latter had been taken into her confidence. On reaching the Cross of Saint-Honorat, after a long gallop, we stopped, to breathe our horses.

"Viergie," said Genevieve, laughing, "look well at this place—it was here, three months ago, that I first met my cousin, Jean de Chazol, just as he was about to shoot me."

"Indeed!" returned Viergie; "was it on that day that you met for the first time? Well, look at that bush at the angle of the rock: it was there that I was hidden."

This necessitated an explanation of the mystery to Genevieve, and I told her of my first meeting with Viergie.

"How strange!" said my cousin. "Who could have then foreseen that we should in three months all three be in the same spot together, such friends as we are?"

It was indeed a strange adventure, and so many events had intervened, that, looking at Viergie now, so elegant and haughty-looking in her riding-dress, it required a great effort to recall to mind that goat-tender in rags, which concealed, like the fairy legend, the legitimate title of marchioness, an immense fortune, and who was the daughter of my father's sister. But my heart was too full at that moment to think of the singular events that followed. I had only one thought, namely, of the love that had taken possession of my existence. I realized that she was lost to me forever, if she gave herself to Sir Clarence.

Irritated by seeing her so happy and animated during the ride, when a bitter sadness had taken possession of me, I felt overcome by impotent rage. Her face was radiant like one inspired. I was blinded by her glance, and reflected that I had wounded her too cruelly to hope anything from her.

Just as we were crossing a clearing, we found the road obstructed by some newly-felled trees.

"Genevieve," said Viergie, "let us leap over it."

"Oh, no! it is impossible!" replied Genevieve; "our dresses would catch in the branches."

"Pshaw! coward! you will see how easy it is!"

"No, no, you shall not do that!" said I, quickly.

"You need not follow me unless you like," said she, gathering her reins together, ready to push her horse forward.

Frightened by her extreme hardness, I threw myself between her and the obstacle.

"Viergie, you shall not commit this folly," said I.

"And why not, pray?" she asked, in a haughty tone.

"Because I forbid it!" I exclaimed, furious.

At these words she raised her head quickly and looked me straight in the face, surprised to receive an order from me; then, meeting my eyes, she grew pale and turned away, letting her reins fall on her horse's neck.

"Very well, I obey you," she said, in a tone showing both irritation and emotion.

During the rest of our ride she did not address another word to me; through her bursts of gaiety I detected a thoughtfulness, as if the incident in the clearing had awakened suddenly some combat in her soul.

Toward evening, my aunt remaining in the drawing-room, I went out to smoke a cigar. Lost in my thoughts, I had mechanically directed my steps toward the arbor, and found myself on the bank of the river. Sitting down there, I saw on the opposite side the miserable hut, which recalled to my mind all the strange past. I tried to remember the particulars of my visit there, La Mariasse's face, and the poor girl who lived there in the midst of misery; but I found that this meeting left on me only the impression of a dream. Who would have said then that in three months' time I should return to that place agitated by fierce love, waiting for the moment to implore Viergie, the mistress of my soul, not to desert me? I was plunged in these cruel thoughts, when I heard behind me the sound of footsteps on the dry leaves, and Viergie stood before me.

"What is it you?" said I, giving a start.

"Yes; I left the marchioness with Genevieve and André."

"Are you not well?" I asked, trying to conceal the emotion betrayed by my voice.

"I made an excuse of a headache to leave the drawing-room; but it was to find you, for I must speak to you."

I was so agitated that I could not utter a word. We were silent for a few moments.

"Yes, I must speak to you," she answered, in a resolute tone. "The time has come which must decide whether we are to be friends or implacable enemies. I must free myself from an influence which weighs on all my thoughts. I must break this invisible bond which the past has caused to exist between us, in order that I may dispose of myself without dread of my recollections—or of you."

"Dread of me!"

"Oh! I am quite aware that one day you protested that your affection was sincere," she resumed, with haughty irony. "I must do you that justice; but now I want something more than a commonplace, hackneyed expression. Whatever I may do, you exercise an authority over me that annoys me. You must tell me if I am free to accept Sir Clarence."

It was a most singular thing that this language of Viergie's confessing my inexplicable right over her actions and her future did not astonish me at all. One word alone reached my heart: it was Sir Clarence's name.

"You love him then?" I exclaimed.

"I don't know whether I love him or not, but I do know that he has inspired me with the deepest feeling of gratitude that it is possible for me to experience, for he has raised me in my own eyes, by teaching me that I am not unworthy the love of an honest man, however high his rank may be."

"And if I told you to accept him, you would marry him with joy?"

"I would marry him," she replied, in the same calm tone.

"And you would be happy?"

"I would marry him—don't ask me any further."

I felt all my blood fly to my brain. I scarcely knew how to express my ideas—I was stunned.

"You believe me, then, to be without soul and without heart?" she resumed, in a vehement tone.

"Do you not understand that, in spite of the affection bestowed upon me, and which I seek to deserve, that I am alone, isolated, because in my case there is a bitter past that mingles with the present, and whispers unpleasant thoughts to me—that in my hours of solitude I feel that the tenderness of her whom I am told is my mother has no deep roots—that I am only a stranger here, received through charity? What am I to you, for instance? A girl whom you found with bare feet in the fields, and on whom you bestowed your charity as you would on any other indigent beggar, and whom you would not have for a mistress when she was offered to you for sale?"

"Viergie, what are you saying?"

"I am speaking the truth. I am one of those unfortunate wretches whom misery throws into the gulf—you knew it well; but what you would not see," she added, in a trembling voice, "was, that in the midst of that misery, there was a soul that gave itself to you, like a slave ready to serve its God—that you had become my sole thought, my very life."

"You love me, then!" I exclaimed, blinded by hope. "Viergie, is it true?"

"What matters that now?" she returned, in an icy tone; "it is too late for you to speak in this manner. You were the first man who treated me without boldness. I had never seen any one in the world who could compare to you. You saved me from drowning, and I would have been your servant had you allowed me. Let us dismiss this time, now so far distant from us. You were once my benefactor, my protector; it is for this reason that I recognize your authority over my future at this grave crisis of my life. You have often told me that I know nothing of the world or its conventional laws. It is therefore my duty to ask you, if, after what has passed between us, I am worthy of the love offered me; if I can accept, without acting dishonorably, a man of honor who trusts in my honesty? I would not marry Sir Clarence without confessing that I had spent almost a whole night alone in your company, in your house, were it not from the respect I feel for the Marchioness de Senozan. And yet, perhaps, the principles which govern you decide that this fact humiliates me to the condition of the lowest, groveling creature that exists."

"On my honor, Viergie," I returned, much moved, "there is no young girl, living, purer than you are, or more deserving of respect."

She raised her eyes and fixed them on me, as if she doubted the truth of this statement.

"Take care," said she. "I want you to tell me the strict truth."

"On my honor, whatever might have been the peril your misfortunes brought upon you, you have nothing in the world with which to reproach yourself."

"Nothing, do you say? then why do you despise me?"

"I despise you?"

"How can I otherwise explain your conduct—if it is not contempt that actuates you?" said she, in a tone betraying much emotion. "It must be this, or that you love me."

"Viergie," said I, with a beating heart, "what are you saying?"

"You love me," she repeated, "and you have not the strength to fly from me, nor the courage to make me your wife! It must be that I possess some moral deformity, of which I am not conscious, and which Sir Clarence has not remarked. You know that I have too much pride for you to believe that there is a shadow of reproach or regret in the words I utter. You think, as I do—it is too late. Can any one tell why he loves or why he hates? No, we have nothing with which to reproach ourselves, if we have suffered one by the other; but since I have lived amongst you, I have learned scruples of which I knew nothing, and my heart is too full of gratitude for Sir Clarence's generosity, not to act honorably toward him. I would proudly accept his name without remorse for even an imaginary fault. I can only repay his noble confidence by going to him pure of all suspicion. You alone can reveal the truth to me. I cannot insult you by supposing that my poverty was in your eyes a sufficient cause for estrangement. I must, therefore, believe, and it terrifies me, that there is something unworthy about me of which I am ignorant, some stain imprinted on my life, and I demand from you the truth. Tell me, then, plainly and truly, if he would dare to again offer me his name after learning what has passed between us?"

On hearing this scrupulous honesty, so superb in its humility, I felt myself mean and narrow-minded.

"Viergie!" I exclaimed, "I am a fool. I adore you! and the torment of my life will be that I misunderstood you."

At these words she uttered a cry—a cry of pain—and placed her hand over her heart, as if I had reopened a cicatrized wound; but she recovered herself almost immediately, by a strong effort of her will.

"You are mistaken," said she, haughtily; "I cannot be your mistress, and it is my sister Genevieve who bears the name of Senozan."

"Yes," I returned, "crush me, for I deserve

that cruel insult. At least listen to me, for it is true that I love you. I acknowledge that I have been trying to battle against my heart. Bewildered by the stupid prejudices of the world, troubled by the reminiscences you have just evoked, I made your past misfortune and misery a crime, when they ought to have absolved you in my eyes. I have been blind, for I did not understand you; or, rather, I have been a coward, since I recoiled before the happiness offered to me; but, Viergie, you have allowed words to escape you, which likewise unvail your soul. You have loved me—you cannot deny it; it is my last hope, for we have both suffered too much from misunderstanding our hearts, not to be sincere at this moment. In the name of our future happiness, which, perhaps, you are about to decide with a word, pay no attention to past resentment. What matters our pride and our vain struggles against fatality, if I love you, and you love me?"

"On your honor," said she, with a bitter smile, and fixing her eyes on mine, "would you have addressed this language to me to-day if Sir Clarence had not offered me his hand yesterday?"

This implacable question fell like ice on my heart, and pierced me like a dagger.

"On my honor," I exclaimed, "I will kill Sir Clarence, if you love him."

She started at these words, and I blushed for my violence.

"Forgive me! forgive me!" I pleaded; "but do you not see that my reason is wandering at the thought of losing you? Viergie, I adjure my error and supplicate you. Forget the past, and give me your hand."

She remained motionless, as if absorbed by her thoughts.

"Forget!" she said, at last; "why so? Yes, I loved you; but how do I know if I love you still?"

"Viergie!"

"We are to be sincere, you say; but are you so toward yourself? You have not told the whole of your thoughts. I understand what frightens you, and believe in it, for I am sometimes frightened at it myself. I have not been brought up like Genevieve, and, in spite of all my efforts, I remain wild and untamed in the midst of my new life. I am a rebel to your feelings and ideas. I can marry Sir Clarence from a feeling of gratitude. I should entertain for him the affection of a devoted friend, and it would be an act of my reason, of justice for his generosity; but I should not experience this calm, austere feeling for you. With our dispositions, and especially with our recollections, we must either love or hate each other ardently. I have always regarded love as a slave; and I should give everything to my master—my thoughts, my life—and adore my idol on my knees. It was thus I dreamed regarding you, when I waited for you with bare feet in the lanes, and it is now, for the first time, that I hear you say you love me—a word for which I would heretofore have given my life—now it seems to stir up secret and painful revolt which almost resembles hatred."

"No, Viergie," I exclaimed, struck with terror, and seizing her hands; "no, it is not hatred. If you suffer at this moment, it is because you still doubt my love, or at least my resolution to consecrate my life to you. Yes, you tell the truth, I wanted courage. It is also true that, had it not been for Sir Clarence, I should, doubtless, have fled from you; but I love you, I adore you, and cannot live without you. I found this out from the grief I felt when I thought that you loved Sir Clarence, and would become his wife. Will you punish us both for the cowardly hesitation of my heart, when I now implore you, repentant and vanquished? I love you, Viergie! I love you! Doubt me no longer. Remember that on your decision depends the happiness of my existence and yours."

While speaking thus, I held her in my arms, her heart beating against mine, and she abandoned herself to me, conquered, with her head resting on my breast. I inhaled the perfume of her hair, which brushed against my cheek; her burning forehead touched my lips. I felt her shiver in my arms.

"Jean!" she murmured, in accents that revealed her love.

"Viergie," said I, trembling, "you see that I love you, and that you love me."

"Leave me! leave me!" said she, disengaging herself from my arms.

But she had scarcely done so before she recoiled, and falling in a sitting posture on the stone bench, burst into tears. I threw myself at her knees. I could only reiterate the cry that came from my heart.

"I love you! I love you!"

Her sobs wrung my heart.

"Oh, what have you done?" she exclaimed, at last.

"Viergie," said I, with a throbbing heart, "it is the kiss of our betrothal. You now belong to me. Yield yourself, without fear, to happiness."

"I am afraid," said she, in a trembling tone. "Jean, leave me. I did not foresee this emotion. I want to question myself. Leave me time to forget what I have suffered through you."

"But you love me?"

"Yes, I love you; but I repeat it, I am afraid of you—of myself," she added, in a broken voice.

"If you have any pity for my weakness, do not speak to me of your love. To-morrow—in a few days—I may, perhaps, be able to hear you, and answer you calmly. You do not know the danger threatening you. Still, whatever may happen, even if it cost me my life, I swear to you that I will not marry Sir Clarence."

XVI.

AFTER the agony of that day, I thought I should lose my senses, in the knowledge that Viergie did not love Sir Clarence. Notwithstanding her reserve, her struggles, her recollections, I possessed her love, and I doubted not that I could overcome the fear and agitation my avowal had excited.



Did we not already feel, without having acknowledged it, that, from the first day we had met, our souls belonged to each other? Happy at having broken the shackles of stupid prejudice, I was proud of my resolution. I could now indulge fearlessly in my enchanting dream—I could love, in short. I was only astonished that I could have so long withstood the promptings of my own heart.

The next morning I left my house earlier than usual, in order to meet Virgie in her customary walk. I knew that she would come in the direction of Chazol, and I waited for her near the rocks where she had so often waited for me.

When she came and saw me, she experienced so much surprise that I saw the blood rush into her face.

"Oh! how you frightened me!" said she.  
"I wanted to see you early," I replied, "for I have so many things to say to you."  
"You promised to leave me time to forget, and reflect," she replied, quickly.

"Is it not sufficient, Virgie, to listen to your heart?"  
"Oh! be silent! be silent!" said she, in a frightened tone. "Spare me the grief of not listening to you, or being obliged to fly from you. In two days—to-morrow, I hope—I shall be prepared to answer you, and tell you all."

She seemed so much agitated that I stood before her disconcerted at her reception, when, suddenly, the dog that accompanied her always in her walks, and which usually gambled around us, ran toward the rocks, and standing still about fifteen steps distant, began to bark as if he had discovered some frightful object concealed from us by a tall holly bush.

"Here, Love! come here!" exclaimed Virgie, quickly.

Her voice had so little of command in it, that the dog did not obey her. I looked at her, surprised at the emotion, the cause of which I could not guess. I noticed that she could not bear my gaze, and that her eyes fell. A jealous thought crossed my mind. Sir Clarence had doubtless returned. He was hiding there, and she had come here to rendezvous!

I rushed toward the bush.

"Jean!" exclaimed Virgie, trying to stop me. I hesitated not; in three bounds I was on the other side of the rock. I found myself face to face with a man crouching among the shrubbery. It was Marulas!

I had felt such rage and jealous terror, that the sight of this scoundrel was a sudden relief to me, and I remained quite confused in his presence, forgetting that I had forbidden him to come within a certain distance of the neighborhood of Chazol and La Moriniere. He doubtless guessed that he could indulge in his usual impudent humor with impunity.

"I trust that the health of Monsieur le Comte continues good?" said he, emerging from his hiding-place.

I had by this time recovered myself.  
"What are you doing here?" I exclaimed, haughtily, "when you have been well paid to keep away from this neighborhood?"

"Very true, Monsieur le Comte—very true! I have only come here in obligation to my paternal duties, a case which is above any agreement. Monsieur le Comte cannot be ignorant of the noble alliance which is proposed to us," said the fellow, in a most emphatic tone. "My presence in this place, then, is a proof of my zeal. My consent is necessary to this grand marriage, and nothing can be done without me. You will know some day, Monsieur le Comte, that we fathers have our weakness and puerile fears for those tender objects whose first smile we have seen. I give the fruit of my wisdom and experience to this child whom I have educated. Besides, she sent for me!"

"Is that true?" I asked, addressing Virgie.  
"Yes, it is true," she replied, in such a tone that I could not tell whether she spoke from constraint or from her own free will.

"You see, Monsieur le Comte," returned Marulas, smiling, "there is no help for it. These young hearts have always some secrets which they can only breathe on a father's bosom!"

Furious at this meeting, which recalled to my mind circumstances I would gladly forget, I was nevertheless obliged to yield to Virgie's will, and especially after receiving the assurance that she had come freely to the strange rendezvous.

"Fear nothing," said she, in a low tone, as I was withdrawing; "I will tell you all. Wait for me at the Cross of Saint-Honorat."

This meeting abruptly brought back the recollection of those torments of pride to which I had so long been a slave, and when I was alone I was astonished at the ascendancy my love had already acquired over my reason. It is certain that, had I discovered this meeting between Virgie and that rascal who could call himself her father, it would have caused all my illusions to vanish, and in all probability put an end to my passion. But now I only saw that it was this poor girl's misfortune to be chained by fate to what remained of her past misery, and I had no other thought but to free her from the yoke. My pride only suffered on her account. Was it not a terrible torture for this poor defrauded child, that, knowing the secret of her birth and her right to a noble name, she should be obliged to submit still to that vile and ignoble person? And I had hesitated to break the chains of her I loved! I now thought only of the happiness of restoring her to that position which her birth demanded, and of delivering her from a humiliating condition, against which her feelings, her birth, and her innate grace protested. Marulas had better beware!

Never did delay appear so long. A half hour elapsed, and she did not come. I felt remorse for having left her with the rascal. What could he have to say to her now? An hour passed away, and the most absurd terror took possession of me. If he had taken her away? At this idea I made

up my mind to return to the rocks; but I had not gone ten yards before I saw her at the end of the path running toward me.

She arrived breathless, with her arms extended.

"You were uneasy," said she, "but I have come at last!"

Her face was beaming; she spoke in such a tender tone that it went straight to my heart. I gathered from her cheerfulness that she was free from the trouble which had overshadowed her for the past two days.

"What has happened?" I exclaimed. "What did he say to you?"

"Nothing but happiness," she replied, with an angelic smile. "I can now tell you that I love you! Jean, will you always love me?"

I could only reply by a cry of joy, but this cry came direct from my heart. We both stood still in a kind of delirium, oppressed by the intoxication of our happiness—her hands in mine, her eyes on mine, only able to utter the words, "I love you! I love!" which contained for us all there is of human felicity.

"How many days of happiness we have lost!" said I, at last, "for from the very first moment I saw you, my Virgie, you took my soul prisoner!"  
"And it was at the same moment you took mine," she replied.

Of what use would it be to reproduce those chaste and pure confessions which are only for the ears of lovers? The profane would not understand them.

I questioned Virgie on the subject of Marulas.  
"Oh, do not speak of him," said she, glancing round, as if frightened at my words.

"What! are you afraid of him when I am by your side?"

"Is he not always my master? Has he not the power to separate us—to take me away?"

"No! no! he has no right over you now. He has sold it. Reassure yourself, my darling. He is too clever to have recourse to persecutions which would ruin him."

"You don't know him," she returned. "You don't know his affected submission, which seems to yield to violence."

"But by what threats has he inspired you with such fear?"

"Do not ask me, Jean. Besides, now I hope I have nothing more to fear."

"Yes, dearest; permit me to insist on knowing. I have now the right to protect you, Virgie, and since I have to defend you, I should know all."

"But is not a word from him sufficient to prevent me from becoming your wife?" said she, turning away her eyes. "Has he not control over me? Suppose that he could make a great fortune by tearing me away from you?"

"Did he tell you that, Virgie?"

She hesitated to reply. I pressed her to confess all. At last she confided to me a secret of which we were entirely ignorant.

Since she had been at the chateau, Marulas had not ceased to make his influence felt. He always kept the threat hanging over her that he would take her to Marseilles, and had exacted from her a detail of the daily events, even of the most trifling circumstances that transpired at La Moriniere, in order that he might know better how to act. An old friend of La Mariasse's served as the bearer of their correspondence. It was thus that he had learned, two days after Sir Clarence's interview with him, of the offer of marriage that resulted from it. He had ordered Virgie to accept this unhoped-for good fortune, and had himself come to Sevelor to assist in its consummation.

"You now understand," said she, "why I could give no answer before seeing him. However cowardly he may be, I know that he is capable of committing a crime. He hates you because you have made him feel his baseness. I trembled more for you than for myself. I was therefore obliged to get his consent to allow me to be happy."

"You have told him all, then?"  
"Yes; and he assures me that he will raise no obstacle. He will see you to-morrow. All depends on you, he says."

"Then have no fear, my darling Virgie," I replied, smiling. "I have brought more dangerous rascals than he is to reason. In any event, his cupidity will answer for his obedience."

Our hearts overflowed with happiness. Still, we agreed to keep our secret for a few days, in order to prepare the marchioness for the answer she must give Sir Clarence, and until then I should smooth away all obstacles.

#### The Leading Men of the Revolution in Spain.

REVOLUTION, that generally stalks amid nationalities with devastating steps and blood-dyed garments, has, with comparative gentleness, but with apparently a thorough hand, fulfilled its mission in Spain. The people of the United States must naturally regard with satisfaction the quiet energy and well-governed determination with which the Spaniards have broken the chains of their hereditary bondage. The leading spirits of this great movement of progress have so well and wisely executed their task, that we cheerfully accord them a place among our portraits of illustrious men.

##### President Serrano.

Marshal Francisco Serrano, Duke de la Torre, now President of the Provisional Government, was born at the close of the last century, and acquired his military experience in the war of independence. Devoted to the interests of the government, he assisted in bringing about the fall of Espartero in 1843. After the restoration of the Queen mother, Serrano coalesced with Narvaez in the attempts of the latter to overthrow Olozaga. Shortly after the marriage of Queen Isabella in 1846, he acquired an influence over the royal mind which occasioned differences between the king consort and herself and caused some scandal. The Ministry of the Duke de Sotomayor, which attempted to destroy his influence, was overthrown by him, while that of M. de Salamanca, which he supported, yielded to the storm of public indignation which assailed it. After this Serrano turned liberal, and just before the accession to power of Narvaez, accepted the Captaincy-General of Granada. Having been implicated in a rising at Saragossa in 1854, he was

exiled, but returned during the revolution of July in that year, and became an active supporter of the O'Donnell and Espartero Cabinet. In the rupture which followed between these two, he sided with the former, and having been nominated Captain-General of New Castile—an appointment which placed Madrid in his power—in the coup d'état of 1856 he played into O'Donnell's hands, and in that same year was created Duke de la Torre. In 1857 he was sent as Ambassador to the Court of France. In 1859 he was appointed Director and Colonel-General of Artillery, and in June, 1865, Captain-General of Madrid.

##### General Juan Prim.

General Prim, the new Minister of War, is to most of our countrymen better known than his companions in revolution. He was a Colonel at the age of twenty-five, and after his promotion to the rank of General, was elected by the city of Barcelona (1840) as its representative in the Cortes. He was only six-and-twenty when Espartero confided to him the difficult task of pacifying Catalonia, which he did after sixty days of lamentable conflicts. Elected several times as Deputy to the Cortes, he distinguished himself by the impetuosity of his speeches and the facility of his elocution. Notwithstanding the efforts of the Government to crush him, Catalonia continued to repose confidence in him, and he was again sent by the Progressista Party to the Cortes, where he continued to represent it until 1854, when he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General. In order to find a pretext for sending him out of the country, the Government gave him an honorary mission in the East, and when the war of the Crimea broke out he represented the Spanish Government at the Porte. He took as active a part as his position would admit him in counseling the military operations of the Turkish Government, and he rendered immense services to Omar Pasha. Absent during the revolution of 1854, he was recalled to Spain by his election to the Cortes for the city of Barcelona, where he sat until 1860, and then in the Senate, where he was always found voting for liberal measures calculated to improve the condition of the people. He was the only member of the Progressista Party re-elected to the Cortes in 1857. He was named Senator in 1858, and took a prominent part in the debates of that body, more particularly on the question of the affairs of Mexico. He distinguished himself greatly in the Morocco war, and received as reward of his services the title of Marquis de los Castillejos, with the rank of Grande of the first class. The noble part which he played in the Mexican expedition secured him not merely the esteem of the people of America, but of the world at large. On the advent of Narvaez to power he was exiled from Spain, but returned when O'Donnell displaced that Minister. On the Government of this latter deviating from its liberal programme, Prim quitted the position which he held, although it had no political character. It was only after it became apparent that the elections had become impossible under the reactionary tendencies of the Ministry, that the Progressista Party, headed by Prim, inaugurated the movement which led in 1866 to the fall of O'Donnell. His subsequent exile and attempts to organize resistance to the arbitrary course of Narvaez and Gonzales Bravo are facts of recent date with which the public are familiar. General Prim has at last had the gratification of seeing his principles triumph, and is now unquestionably the most popular man in Spain.

##### Admiral Don Juan Topete.

Don Juan Topete, the Minister of Marine, is a brave sailor, who distinguished himself on the expedition of Abtao (Philippine Islands), and also in the war against Chile, when he was second in command to Mendez Nunez. It was he who first unfurled the revolutionary flag at Cadiz, when he was head of the Naval department. He is likely to make a capable administrator.

##### Sallustiano Olazaga.

Señor Sallustiano Olazaga, who has been appointed by the Provisional Government Minister to France, has been for some time past residing in Paris, whence he proceeded to Madrid on the establishment of the order of affairs in Spain. For many years he has taken a leading part in the Spanish political arena, and has always been an earnest champion of the liberal principles that have, at last, triumphed in his country. He is an orator of extraordinary power—the most eloquent in Spain, and his statesmanship will be most valuable to the cause in which he is enlisted.

##### General La Torre.

General Carlos La Torre, an active and enthusiastic participant in the successful revolution, has long been identified with popular movements in behalf of the liberties of Spain. He is a brave and skillful soldier, an ardent progressionist, and returns now from exile, to assist in building the fabric of self-government upon the soil so long trodden by despotism and anarchy.

#### The Installation of the Rev. Dr. McCosh as President of the College of New Jersey, Princeton, N. J., Tuesday, October 27th.

THE Rev. James McCosh, D. D., LL. D., was installed as President of the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, N. J., on Tuesday, October 27th. Never since the stormy days of the Revolution was a greater excitement manifested in the venerable town. The most ample preparations had been made to render the inaugural ceremonies as impressive as the importance and solemnity of the occasion demanded. The day was exceedingly pleasant, and the publicity given to the exercises, together with the wide interest felt in them, brought out an immense assemblage of people. The procession was formed at noon, and, headed by Grulla's Seventh Regiment Band, moved toward the First Presbyterian Church, under the orders of General C. K. Hall, a graduate of the class of 1837.

The seats reserved for members of the Press were occupied long before the arrival of the procession, and the galleries were crowded with ladies. On the platform, to which he had been carried in a chair, sat the venerable Colonel Joseph Warren Scott, of New Brunswick, of the class of 1795, and at his side Elbert Herring, of New York, also an alumnus, and now in his ninety-third year. Among the other distinguished guests who occupied seats on the platform during the ceremonies, were Governor Marcus L. Ward, and ex-Governors Daniel Haines and Charles S. Olden, of New Jersey; Judge Field, of the United States District Court; Chancellor Zabriske; ex-Chancellor Greene; ex-Governor Pollock, of Pennsylvania; Bishop McVaine, of Ohio; General Robert Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter; the Rev. W. H. Campbell, D. D., President of Rutgers College; the Rev. Professors Berg and Demarest, of the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick; the Rev. Doctor Cottrell, President of Lafayette College; the Rev. Isaac Ferris, D. D., LL. D., Chancellor of the New York University; Horace Webster, LL. D., President of the College of New York; H. M. Pierce, LL. D., President of Rutgers Female College of New York City; F. T. Upham, LL. D., Professor in Rutgers

Female College; Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, with the President-elect, the retiring President, and the Faculty of the College.

The ceremonies were opened by Governor Ward, in a brief address of welcome to the incoming President. The Rev. Dr. Jonathan F. Stearns, of Newark, N. J., a member of the Board of Trustees, then offered up a prayer. The address of welcome on behalf of the Board of Trustees was delivered by the Rev. Charles Hoge, D. D., LL. D., of the class of 1815. On behalf of the undergraduates, Mr. J. Thomas Finley, of the Senior Class, delivered an address in Latin, which was warmly applauded by the students. A very able congratulatory address was next presented by the Hon. William C. Alexander, of New York, a member of the class of 1824.

The oath of office was administered by A. O. Zabriske, Chancellor of the State. Dr. McCosh was presented to the Chancellor by the Hon. Messrs. Daniel Haines and Charles S. Olden, ex-Governors of the State, on behalf of the Trustees. In the oath, the President bound himself to sustain the Constitutions of the United States and the State of New Jersey, and administer the laws of the College.

Upon his signing the Constitution of the College, the act was loudly applauded. The choir then sang the "Te Deum Laudamus," accompanied by the organ in an effective manner. The keys, together with the College charters, were handed to Dr. McCosh by the retiring President, the Rev. John McLean, D. D., accompanied by appropriate remarks.

Dr. McCosh then delivered his inaugural address, which was a very careful review of the educational system of the Old World.

In the evening Dr. McCosh held a reception, and the students illuminated the college buildings, while the grounds were fairly ablaze with Chinese lanterns and fireworks.

"The College of New Jersey" is now 123 years old, if we reckon from the date of its first charter, which was not regularly accepted. The Rev. Jonathan Edwards was its first President when the college buildings were at Elizabethtown. He died in 1747, and the new charter was granted in the following year, when the college was removed to Newark, and the Rev. Aaron Burr became its President. He was the son-in-law of Jonathan Edwards, and the father of Aaron Burr, a graduate of the college, and at one time Vice President of the United States.

In 1756 the college was removed to Princeton. This was during Governor Belcher's administration; and it was proposed to call the main building by his name; but the Governor modestly declined the honor, and had the hall, at that time the largest building in the country, named Nassau Hall, in honor of King William III. During the Revolution, Nassau Hall was used alternately by the British and the Patriots as a hospital, and to this day it bears more than one mark of the deadly struggle in which the contending forces engaged within easy rifle range of its peaceful walls.

At one time, about thirty-five years ago, one-sixth of the Senators of the United States were alumni of Princeton. Up to that time one-third of the chief law officers of the Government and one-fifth of the members of the Supreme Court were also her children. Her record as an educational institution is one of which the whole country should be proud. Besides what she has done for the world in furnishing teachers for her own classes, she has sent out a noble host to other temples. She has supplied thirty College Presidents, and nearly one hundred Professors in colleges, theological seminaries and law schools. She has fitted fifty Senators for their duties as representatives of a free people. More than twenty foreign Ambassadors have called her *alma mater*; eight Judges of the Supreme Court owe much of their fame to her care; and nearly thirty Governors of States have acknowledged their indebtedness to her.

Dr. McCosh, the new incumbent of the Presidential chair, is a native of Scotland, a tall, handsome man, with dark, penetrating eyes, a pleasant smile, and most engaging manners. His forehead is high and clear, and his mouth indicates him as a man of great firmness and strength of will. For sixteen years Dr. McCosh was pastor at Brooken, in Scotland, and for the same length of time occupied the chair of Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in Queen's College, Belfast. He is the author of several well-known metaphysical works, in all of which he shows great depth of thought and the erudition of a mighty scholar. His "Method of Divine Government," when read here, created a strong feeling among the Trustees of Princeton, and when the venerable Dr. McLean signified his intention to retire from the Presidency of the college, after an active and honorable service of fifty years, Dr. McCosh was spoken of as his successor.

#### The Great Fire and Petroleum Explosion at Hunter's Point, L. I., on Sunday Evening, October 25th.

SHORTLY after ten o'clock on Sunday evening, October 25th, as the ferry-boat Ravenswood was leaving the slip at Hunter's Point, an explosion of gas occurred on board the Swedish brig Lord Harrington, which was moored to the pier at the ferry slip, laden with a cargo estimated at over 950 barrels of naphtha and kerosene oil. The hands on board the ferry-boat, perceiving the danger, at once hastened to cut the burning brig loose, and then towed her about 300 yards into the channel, to prevent the flames from spreading among the vessels and buildings in the vicinity of the pier. Some sparks, however, fell upon a shed adjoining the large oil works of Rockefeller & Co., and before they could be extinguished the dry wooden structure was enveloped in flames. The firemen succeeded in cutting down the shed, but were unable to prevent the fire spreading to the main shed, in which a large quantity of kerosene was stored.

The flames spread in a few minutes to the oil works of Andrews & Co., and Warrens, which were entirely destroyed. The amount of oil said to have been stored in the sheds and oil works is estimated at 9,000 barrels. The brig continued to burn until long after midnight, without doing any further damage. The total loss to the owners of the oil works is estimated at \$250,000, and the loss to the owners of the brig and cargo will be about 75,000.

A LANDLORD recently, going round to collect his rent, sent his servant ahead to prepare his tenants for the visit. On reaching the first house, and seeing his servant taking a survey, apparently endeavoring to gain admittance, he inquired,

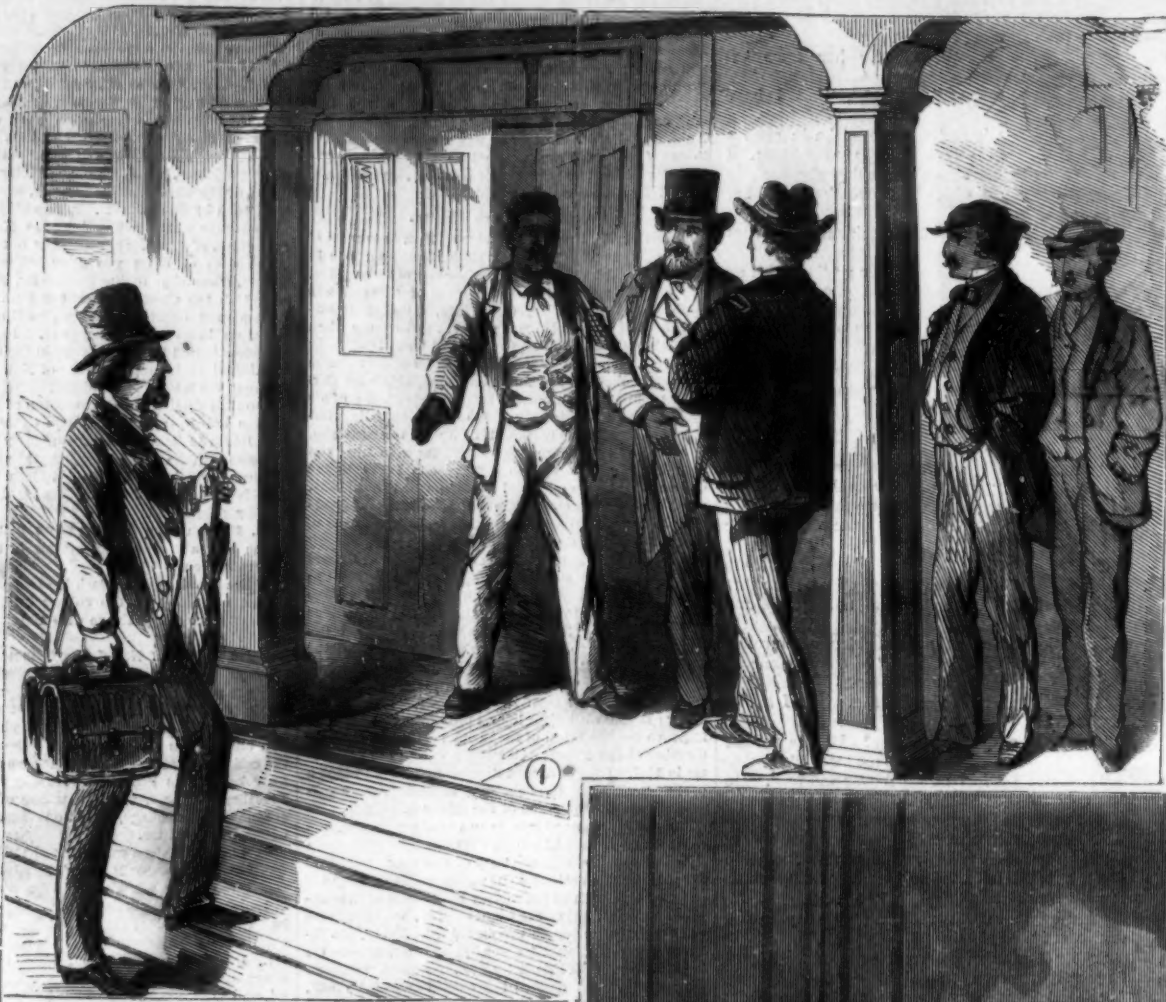
"What is the matter, John? Is the door bolted?"  
"I don't know, sir," replied John; "but the tenant evidently has."

DISPATED boy: "Grandma, won't you let me go to the circus?"

Grandma: "No, my dear. It's a wicked place for you to want to go to; but if you are a good boy, I will take you to the cemetery to visit grandpa's grave, and you may read me the verses on the tombstones."

WHEN do young ladies eat a musical instrument? When they have a piano for tea (pianoforte).



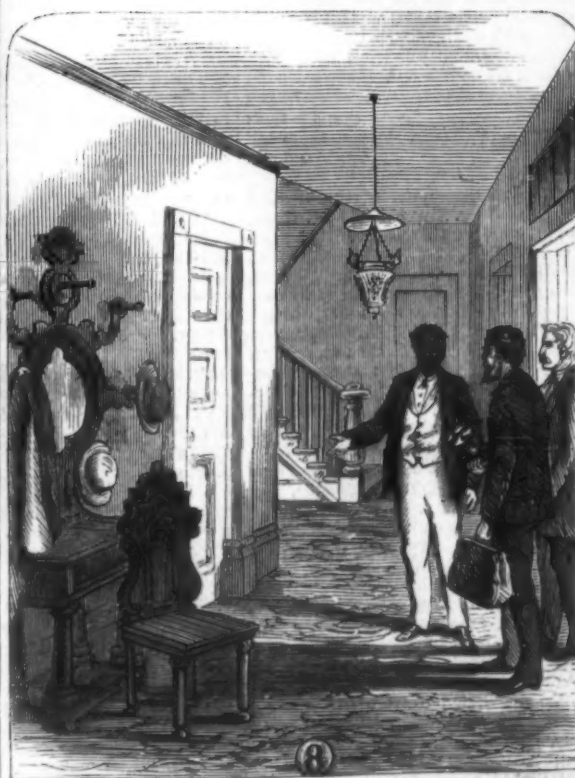
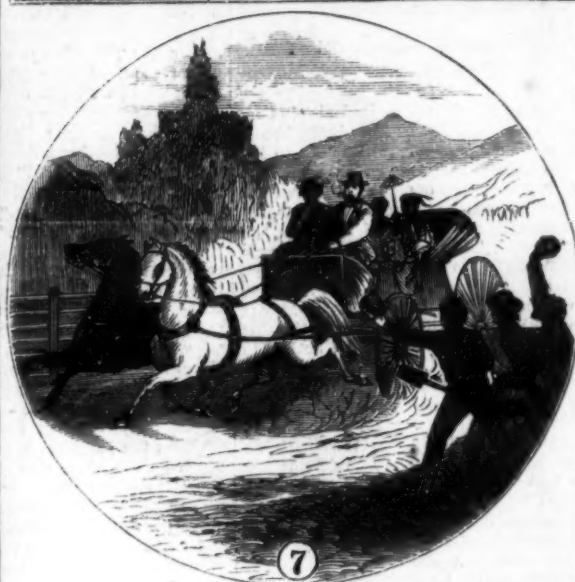
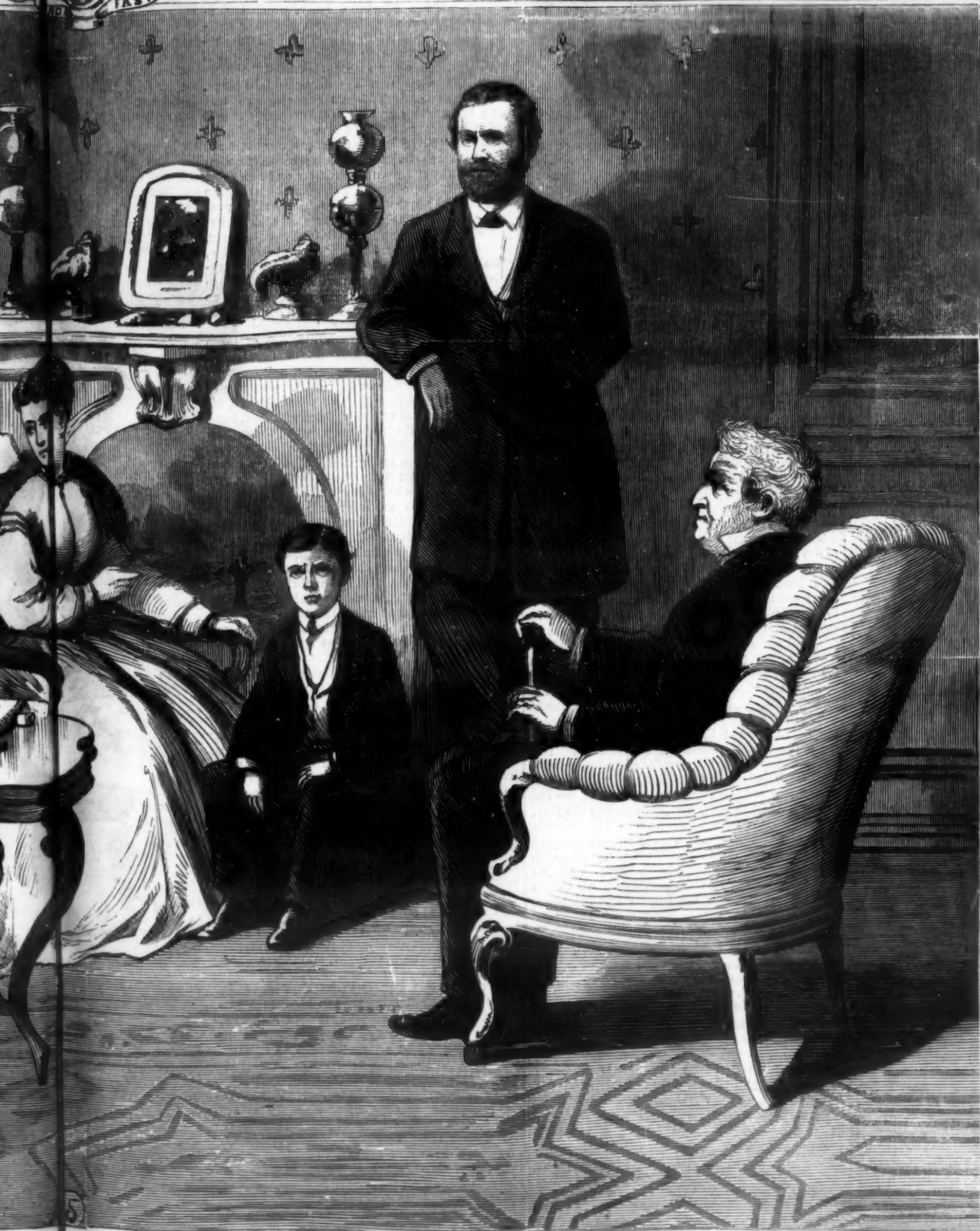
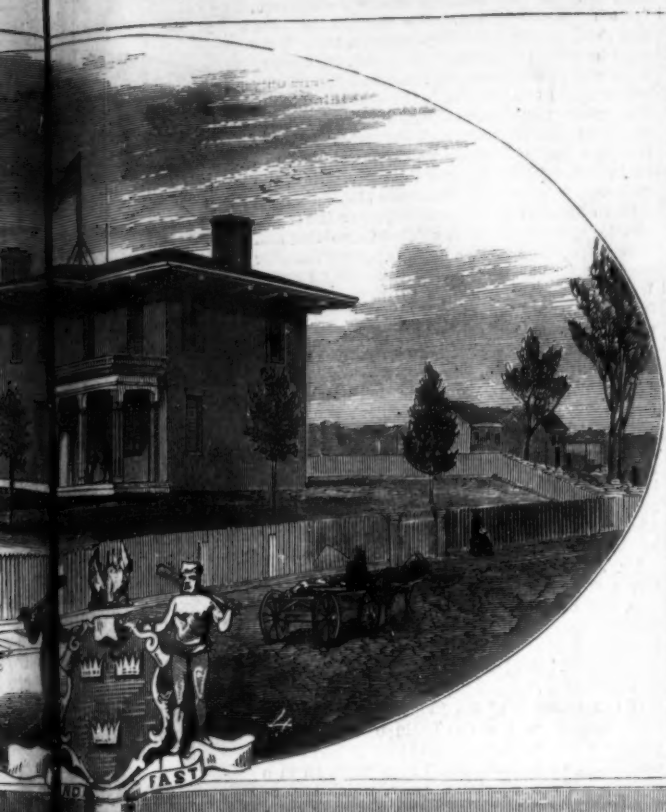


1. The Office Sector—"De General jes' gone out ridin'." 2. The General inquiring for friends at the De Soto House. 3. The Family at dinner. 4. The General at the De Soto House.

GRANT'S HOME LIFE DU

FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, ALBERT MOORE





dinner. A. The House at Galena, and family coat-of-arms. 5. THE FIRESIDE CIRCLE. 6. The Library. 7. Driving out. 8. Addison Holmes, the colored servant, showing in visitors.  
 COME HOME DURING ELECTION WEEK.  
 ARTIST, ALBERT BIRNBAUM, NOW ON A VISIT TO GALENA, ILL.—SEE PAGE 131.



## TOO LATE!

And so she has passed away from this world of sighs and tears;  
Buried with kindred dust 'neath the shade of the dark yew-tree:  
She, the dream of my life, through the mazy length of years—  
She, with her smiles of peace, like the calm of a crimson sea.

You tell me I am too late; she has gone to the Silent Land;  
Too late for the last farewell of her whom I loved of yore;  
She has entered on death's lone sea, while here in my grief I stand,  
Piercing the gathering gloom from a cold and dreary shore.

We parted two summers ago, in the twilight soft and still,  
We kissed by the garden gate, 'neath the bright laburnum-tree;  
With the lustrous evening-star o'ertopping the distant hill,  
And the moonbeams all asleep in the calm of the azure sea.

Often since then, on the deck, I have gazed with tearful eyes  
Long on these tokens of love—that picture and lock of hair;  
Then I've softly murmured her name 'neath the calm of the star-lit skies,  
And fervently breathed it to God in the voice of my evening-prayer.

Too late!—she is now 'neath the mold, in her silent and holy rest:  
I almost dreaded as much as we slowly entered the bay;  
For a languishing feeling of grief kept lingering round my breast,  
Like the overwhelming haze of a hot and sultry day.

Too late!—yet not too late!—to hear that her latest breath  
Was spent in breathing my name when her soul had almost flown:  
Oh! not too late to hear of a love that outlives death,  
And opens the door of a tender heart to one and one alone!

## Far Western Judges and Juries.

In the United States (and indeed also in Canada) there is no distinction between barrister and attorney, and, in the newer settlements, to become either requires little study. It used to be said that in some parts of Oregon all a man had to do to be admitted an attorney was to go round for some time with a law book under his arm, and talk "constitution" in front of "grocery" doors. A gentleman of Oregon gave me a copy of a legal document preserved in the archives of Marion county, Oregon, and written by an attorney (I knew the man) regularly licensed to practice. It is a demurrer to a complaint in an action, in which Marion county is the plaintiff, and one G. B. Wagon defendant, brought for the recovery of a fine for violating a statute in the disposition of stray animals. Part of it runs precisely thus:

"And now comes G. B. Wagon the Defiant in the a Bove Sute or Cause And files a Demworor and says that the plaintiff Should not have Nor maintain his Action a Gainst Said Defanant for the following says there is not that plain and concise Statement of the facts constituting the cause of action as there is no De Scription of Caniller markes, nor Brands nor by hoom sprayed

"and further Says that he was not Seerved with a certified copy of said Complant therefore the Defanant prays this honorable Cort to Dis miss the a Bove Sute this 8th day of December 1859."

Another attorney delivered a famous defense of a man who was caught in the act of stealing a hank of cotton yarn. It ran something like this:

"Gentlemen of the Jury, do you think my client Thomas Flinn, of Muddy Creek and the Big Willamette, would be guilty o' stealin' a hank o' cotton yarn? Gentlemen of the Jury, I reckon not, I s'pose not. By no manner of means, gentlemen, not at all! He are not guilty! Tom Flinn! Good heavings! Gentlemen, you all know Tom Flinn, and, on honor, now, gentlemen, do you think he'd do it? No, gentlemen! I s'pose not—I reckon not. THOMAS FLINN? Why" (warming up with virtuous indignation), "why, great snakes and alligators! Tom's a whole team on Muddy Creek and a horse to let! And" (insinuatingly) "do you think he'd sneak off with a miserable hank o' cotton yarn? Well, gentlemen, I reckon not. I s'pose not! When the wolves was a howling, gentlemen, on the mountings of Oregon, and the milishy was a fighting of the Injins on Rogue river, do you think, gentlemen, my client, Thomas Flinn, Esq., could be guilty o' hookin'—yes, hookin', gentlemen—that pitifal, low, mean, hank o' cotton yarn? Onposible! Gentlemen, I reckon I know my client, Mr. Thomas Flinn. He's got the fastest nag, and the purtiest sister, gentlemen, in all Muddy Creek and the Big Willamette! That, gentlemen, are a fact, Yes, gentlemen, that are a fact. You kin just bet on that, gentlemen. Yes, gentlemen, you kin just bet your bones on that! Now, pon honor, gentlemen, do you thing he are guilty? Gentlemen, I reckon—I s'pose not. Why, gentlemen" (indignantly, beginning to believe it himself), "my client, Mr. Thomas Flinn, am no more guilty of stealin' that aer hank o' cotton yarn than a toad has got a tail. Yes, a tail, gentlemen! I than a toad has got a tail!" Verdict for defendant, case dismissed, and court adjourned to whisky up at late prisoner's expense.

Little as such law may be worth, it is surprising with what alacrity a young community of miners or backwoodsmen will attempt to form some organization for the preservation of order according to law, and how naturally they proceed to elect a magistrate or "judge" out of their number. This desire proceeds in part from a wish to preserve order, and in part from the all-engrossing passion for voting, holding "conventions," and "caucuses," and electing somebody to hold some office or other, with the usual amount of speechifying and drinking.

An old gentleman, with whom I passed many pleasant evenings on the Walls of Panama in days gone by, described to me his recollection of a court-room in a Western State. It was a rough log building, with a bar of unhewn timber stretched across it. This was the bar of justice. Behind it was a table, with a jar of molasses, a bottle of vinegar and a jug of water, to make "switchel" for the court.

Time, ten A. M. Enter sheriff. Judge (who is paring his corns after the manner of the venerable Judge McAlmond, of San Francisco, who was in the habit of paring his corns while the business of the court was going on, and generally sat with his heels tilted up in front of him): "Wal, Mr. Sheriff, do you think we'll get a jury to-day?"

"Neow, judge, jury-men are rather scarce to-day; but I've got eleven men corraled under a black walnut tree outside, and my niggers are hunting down a twelvth. I reckon we'll have a jury in about half an hour."

And so the sheriff proceeds to liquor, and the judge continues paring his corns until the court opens.

I was assured by a former chief justice of one of the States on the Western slope of the Rocky Mountains, that the first grand jury he ever charged were sitting on the prairie under a tree, and there was not a man of them that had on any other foot-gear but moccasins. And I know a judge who, in the earlier days of California, when everybody was "bound to make money," sat on the bench in the morning, mined during the day, and played the fiddle in a whisky shop at night. The county judge of Madison County, in Washington Territory, does (or did) "run" the "gang saw" in the Port Madison mills.

In these judges we often find the notion of law not very defined, though (which is more important) that of equity is strong. A most notorious "rowdy," from New England, who had escaped the law several times, was at last captured in the act of smashing the interior of a Chinese house of ill-fame, in the little village of Eureka, in North California. Evidence against him was rather weak, and it was feared he would again escape. But when the prisoner was brought into court, his honor burst upon him with a tirade of abuse;

"E-e-h! Ye long, leathern, lantern-jawed, Yankee cuss, we've ketched you, e-e-h, at last! I'll commit him at once!"

"But, judge," whispered the clerk, "you'll have to hear the evidence."

"Evidence be blowed!" was the rejoinder.

"Wasn't I thar, and see'd it all myself?"

Judge P. was holding a term of the district court in the village of Corvallis, in the then Territory of Oregon. His court was held in a common log-house, with a large open fireplace, and a few rough heavy benches, that had never known plane. An indictment was found against one Charley Sandborn for selling whisky at retail, although he had no license. He stood at one side of the fireplace with his hands deep in his pockets; the judge sat upon the end of a school-bench on the other side of the fire. When required to plead guilty or not guilty, Charley threw himself on the mercy of the court. The judge then sentenced him to pay the lowest fine and costs. At the close of the sentence, by way of personal palliation, his lordship remarked, "that while it was the duty of the court to enforce the laws as it found them on the statute-book, the person of the court was not inimical to men who sold whisky."

There is in Idaho Territory a judge who is well-known as "Alec Smith." A woman brought suit in his court for divorce, and had the discernment to select a particular friend of her own, who stood well with the judge, as her attorney. One morning the judge called up the case, and addressing himself to the attorney for the complainant, said:

"Mr. H., I don't think people ought to be compelled to live together where they don't want to, and I will decree a divorce in this case."

Mr. H. bowed blandly. Thereupon the judge, turning to another attorney, whom he took to be the counsel for the defendant, said:

"Mr. M., I suppose you have no objection to the decree?"

Mr. M. nodded assent.

But the attorney for the defendant was another Mr. M., not then in court. Presently he came in, and finding that his client had been divorced without a hearing, began to remonstrate. Alec listened a moment, then interrupted, saying:

"Mr. M., it is too late. The court has pronounced the decree of divorce, and the parties are no longer man and wife. But if you want to argue the case, right bad, the court can marry them over again and give you a crack at it."

I was at Clear Lake, when an Irishman named Jerry McCarthy was tried in the county court on a charge of whipping his wife. A point of law was raised by the attorney for the defense as to the admissibility of certain evidence offered by the district attorney, "Judge" J. H. Thompson (for it is "judge" once, "judge" always), and the court called upon the attorney to produce his authorities to sustain his position. The attorney being rather slow in finding the law in point, the court, just as he had found it, and was rising to read it, ruled that the evidence was not admissible.

"The dence you do!" halloed the district attorney. "Say, judge, I read you the law, and bet you a thousand dollars I'm right."

"I'll send you to jail for twenty-four hours for contempt of court!" cried the judge.

"Send to jail and be hanged!" cried the district attorney. "I know my rights, and intend to maintain them."

Then the judge cried out:

"Sheriff Crigler, Crigler Sheriff, take Judge Thompson to jail, and adjourn court four-and-twenty hours!"

Crigler advanced to obey the order, but halted upon seeing the district attorney put himself into a "posish;" at the same time shouting loud enough to be heard all over the town that neither Crigler nor any other man should carry him to jail. To make things sure, the sheriff called for a commitment; but while this was being prepared, mutual apologies passed between the court and the district attorney, and the order was revoked.

The court was then adjourned for a quarter of an hour, to allow, according to custom made and provided in such cases, of "drinks" being exchanged; after which the trial proceeded to its result in the acquittal of the defendant. If all the stories be true, occasionally the court adjourns in less favored districts, to allow antagonistic attorneys to fight out with their fists what couldn't be settled with their tongues.

I witnessed once—not in a rough American Territory—but in the British town of Victoria, Vancouver Island—a "stand-up" fight between the "Honorable Attorney General" and a client of the opposite party in a suit; and not long afterward two of the most prominent of the members of the colonial parliament engaged in a like encounter. I mention this, lest it might be unjustly supposed that these eccentricities are found exclusively in the border parts of the United States.

One summer afternoon I happened to pass through a frontier village in by no means the newest State of the Pacific settlements. While my horse was baiting, hearing that the supreme court was in session, I strolled in. After passing up a rickety stair, thickly sprinkled with saliva, cigar-ends, and sawdust, where the rough unplanned board walls were scrawled over with likenesses of "Judge" This and "Judge" That, and remarks upon them, personally, politically, and judicially, I entered, by a rickety old door, a plastered room with a whitewashed board ceiling, but very dirty, and a floor covered with sawdust. On a few forms scattered through the room lolled some "citizens," half asleep. They turned round at the sound of my jingling Mexican spurs, but finding that I was only a rough fellow with a buckskin shirt on, lolled back again, and dozed off to sleep, until aroused by some particular burst of eloquence from the lips of a linen-coated lawyer who was speaking furiously on the "jumping" of a mining claim. When anything particular seized the fancy of the "citizens," they would applaud in a lazy manner, and once or twice an enthusiastic miner in gum-boots, with his cheek distended by an enormous "chaw" of tobacco, shouted "Bully!" "Good again!" and "That's so, judge!" But he was, I am glad to say, instantly quashed, though only partially put down, for he would still breathe out, in a lower tone, "Bully!" "Good on yer head!" and so on, and explain to me (in a stage whisper) the peculiar merits of the case, in which it would seem he was interested; for he was the only person present who cared anything about the proceedings. Except the lawyer's voice, and the whispering of his excited client, there was no noise in the court but the fall of a disused quid or the squirting of tobacco-juice.

The lawyers sat at a horseshoe table at one end of the room, most of them sound asleep, with their chairs tilted back, and their heels on the table before them. In front of them, on a raised platform, sat a gentleman without a waistcoat, but with a long and rather dusty brown linen coat, over a somewhat dirty white shirt without a collar. He, too, had his legs up in front of him, and was likewise chewing tobacco with a slow motion of his leathery jaws—for the heat of the day and the somniferous character of the proceedings seemed to have disposed him to sleep, like everybody else. Now and then he would incline his head, but only to squirt the rejected juice between his legs. Sometimes, when the lawyer indulged in unbecoming language in reference to the court, he would start up, and in the excitement of the moment miss his aim and squirt over among the sleepy counsel. Finally he had to charge the jury, which he did in a very sensible and thoroughly legal manner. He was a good lawyer, and had been attentive to the case. However, in my eyes it detracted a little from his honor's dignity, to see him take the half-used quid from his mouth and hold it between his thumb and forefinger while he charged.

In the course of the evening I had a chance of making very close acquaintance with "his honor." The little village hotel was crowded with an unwonted concourse of lawyers and jurymen, and when I made up my mind to stay over the night, the "proprietor"—there are no landlords in America—informed me that he "reckoned Judge" had the only single bed, and if I liked to put in with him, I might get to stay somehow." Not wishing to inconvenience his honor, I preferred to pass the night in my own blanket, on the "stoup" or porch of the building.

I have seen a judge who is said, in pursuance of his duty as a magistrate, to have fined a man twenty-five dollars for shooting at another, but who also (swayed by his feelings as a man) mauled the other in the same figure for not shooting back again.

At the Cariboo gold mines in British Columbia lives a well-known Irish gold commissioner, whose common-sense decisions have gained great reputation throughout that section of country. On one occasion two mining companies came before him with some dispute. One swore one way, and the other swore the exactly opposite way. The "judge" was nonplussed.

"Look here, boys," at last was his sage deci-

sion, "there's no use you going to law about it. There's some hard swearing somewhere; where, I won't pretend to say. You say this, and they say that, ay, and produce witnesses, too. What am I to do? Of course, if you insist, I'll come to a decision; but I honestly confess it will be only a toss up. I tell you what's the best thing to do. You know my shanty down the creek?" All shouted in the affirmative. "Well, in that shanty there's a bottle of prime whisky, in which I will be happy to drink luck to both of you. Now, the first man there gets the suit. Go!"

Out of the court they rushed, down the creek, over logs, and over mining flumes, tumbling and rolling and running, with half the population after them, until they reached the cabin in question. When the judge arrived, shortly afterward, he found a stalwart miner firmly grasping the handle of the door. The whisky was produced, luck was drunk, and everybody went away, perfectly satisfied with the decision.

Most commendable, on the whole, is the patience evinced by these judges under the orations of long-winded and not very learned attorneys. The most extraordinary instance of patience was that of a judge in Illinois, who, after two wordy lawyers had argued and re-argued about the meaning of a certain Act of Congress, closed the whole at the end of the second day by calmly remarking: "Gentlemen, the Act is repealed!"

Mr. Justice Begbie, of British Columbia, the terror of evil-doers, and of too sympathizing jurors, had occasion to caution a witness. "Don't prevaricate, sir, don't prevaricate; remember that you are on oath!" The excuse was, "How can I help it, judge, when I have such an almighty bad toothache!"

If the learning of the judge puzzles the witness, sometimes the dog Latin of the lawyers puzzles a judge. A short time ago, in San Francisco, Cal., a hotly contested case came on in a certain justice's court in the city, which is presided over by a magistrate with a strong antipathy to the dead languages, and all who indulge in the affectation of using them. Plaintiff having put in his complaint in due form, the judge demanded what was the defendant's answer. Whereupon the defendant's counsel, who had been brought up under the old system, and still had a lingering love for a raps of law Latin, responded, "May it please the court, our answer is that the same subject matter and cause of action in this suit was the subject matter and cause in a previous suit already determined, in consequence of which the question now raised before your honor, is *res adjudicata*." "Is what?" cried the judge, adjusting his spectacles. "*Res adjudicata*, if the court please." "Sir," roared the judge, "we allow no dead languages here. Plain English is good enough for us. The practice has abolished the dead languages, and if you give us any more of your Greek or Latin I'll commit you, sir, for contempt of this court."

In the early days of California, one of these rough-and-ready dispensers of the law held a court on a Sunday, and sentenced a "greaser" (a native Californian or Mexican), according to the law then in force, to thirty-nine lashes, for theft; but on the prisoner's counsel threatening to apply for a writ of habeas corpus, on the ground that it was "unconstitutional" to hold a court on a Sunday, the judge declared, with a round oath, that rather than the (blessed) greaser should get off by any such pettifogging trick, he would carry the sentence into effect "right away." And then and there he applied the thirty-nine lashes (the law limiting them to under forty), remarking, when he had finished, that the lawyer had better reserve his "habeas corpus" until the greaser's back got barked again!

The Missouri sheriff might truly enough remark that "jurymen aer rather scarce." More than once a friend who knew the ways of the country has informed me, as a kindness, that "there wor a (blessed) jury trial agwine on down to Humbag City, and, as I reckon, the sheriff's darned run for jurymen, you'd better kinder work round clar of that locality." If I asked, "How can I be jurymen? I am a foreigner, a stranger, a traveler, who has neither land nor lot, neither votes nor pays taxes?" "Ah, that would be mighty little 'count," would be the reply; "you hev paid taxes, for you paid your head money; and as for not being a resident, I'll reckon the sheriff'll soon make you out a residence; and as for you being a furterer, it don't matter shucks; that's the very thing you'll be spotted for. The sheriff has summoned every citizen to corners and jury trials, and every other darned sort of trial, so mighty often, that they swar, if summoned much oftener, they won't vote for him next election. And as 'lection comes on in March, I sort reckon he'll like to corral a coon or two who ain't got no vote."

At last I really was caught, and it was useless to remonstrate. The sheriff declared "jurymen were scarce, and I must just take a turn at it." To my astonishment, under the idea, I suppose, that I was "a right smart chance of a scholar," I was chosen foreman of the jury, and in this capacity assisted in sending a man to the State prison for two months, as a reward for his mechanical skill having been diverted into the channel of making bogus gold dust. We had considerable difficulty in arriving at a unanimous verdict, as two of the jury were personal friends of the prisoner. In this stage a backwoodsman, producing a pack of cards from his pocket, proposed that we should play "seven-up" for a decision; or, if we objected to gambling, we could at least "draw straws for it."

At a little backwoods sawmill settlement called Alberni, Vancouver Island, an Indian had been stealing potatoes from a farm belonging to Mr. Sproat, the local justice, and in order to frighten this Indian, the man in charge, who was a Western backwoodsman, fired his gun in the potato-field direction. To his astonishment he shot the native dead. An inquest had to be held. The woodmen, of course, looked upon a slain



as a very light affair, and several came to Mr. Sproat, and said: "You are not going to trouble Henry about this, are you, sir?" Mr. Sproat, being not only master, but a magistrate, had only to reply that, however much he felt for the man's misfortune, he must let the law take its course. But where was a surgeon to be found to make a post-mortem examination? A careworn-looking man stepped off a pile of lumber where he was working, and said he was a surgeon. This statement being naturally received with some hesitation, he produced from an old army chest his commission, his degree, and ample proof of not only having been a medical man, but of once having been a staff surgeon. He soon produced a pea from the lung, and showed that the Indian had died from the gunshot wounds in the chest. Evidence was produced in corroboration, one of the witnesses testifying that the prisoner had said: "Jack, I've shot an Indian."

The "judge" laid down their duty to the jury, which was composed of twelve of the most intelligent of workmen, and they were sent into another room for their finding. It was nearly half an hour before they returned. The foreman then said: "We find the siwash was worried by a dog."

"A what?" the judge exclaimed.

"Worried by a dog, sir," said another jurymen, fearing that the foreman had not spoken clearly. Assuming a proper expression of magisterial gravity, his worship pointed out to the jury the incompatibility of their finding with the evidence, and again went over the points of the case, calling particular attention to the medical evidence, and the production by the doctor of the pea found in the body of the Indian; after which he a second time dismissed the jury to their room, and begged them to come back with some verdict reasonably connected with the facts of the case. They were away longer than before. When they at length sidled back into the room for the second time, the judge drew a paper toward him to record their finding.

"Now, men, what do you say?" Their decisive answer was:

"We say he was killed by falling over a cliff." The judge shuffled his papers together, and told the jurymen they might go to their work and he would return a verdict for them himself. For a full mile every way, from where the dead body was found, the country was as level as a table.

This jury was not so conscientious as another composed of the friends of some people accused of stealing pork:

"We find the defendants Not Guilty; but we believe they hooked the pork!"

### "Prepare to Pucker!"

I was whistling—I scarce knew what, whether a *dona fide* tune, a refrain from the masters, or a melody from the opera. I often whistled. I could rival any steam-engine in the art, and used to give my signal, when danger was near, with as fine an effect.

Grandma said it was hoidenish, and Aunt Jane scolded until her spectacles dropped down to the end of her nose, telling me that I should have been a boy, for girls ought to be ladylike, and I never should be, so long as I parted my hair at the side, and whistled. I always paid respectful attention to these frequent and entertaining lectures, without as much as saying a word; and as soon as I was in the mood I whistled louder than ever.

The morning in question I had indulged in my contraband amusement to an alarming extent, while sweeping and dusting the rooms, feeding the chickens, and watering the flowers, and so the dear old guardians of my follies sent a perfect avalanche of remonstrances upon my persistent head. In a moment I was as silent as a certain saline statue, which tradition tells us stands somewhere in the neighborhood of Sodom; but as soon as I had finished my duties I called Rollo—not daring to whistle for him—and hastened off to my favorite resort, beneath the widespread branches of an oak that stood upon the bank of the creek. I was out of hearing, then, and I sat down, threw my hat off, and began to throw sticks into the water, and make Rollo swim after them. All the time I was thinking of what grandma and Aunt Jane had been saying, and I wondered why it was not "ladylike" to do whatever was natural to the taste or disposition. I acknowledged to myself that they must know a great deal better than I did about these things, that they had always been kind to me, and I ought to respect their wishes and follow their advice; so, while in this repentant mood, I resolved that for their sakes I would whistle no more.

As if to put my resolution into immediate practice, I arose, picked up my hat, called Rollo, and began whistling right merrily, beating time in the sand with the stick I had in my hand. As soon as I discovered my blunder I laughed heartily, and exclaimed, aloud:

"It is no use; they can't make me up for My Lady Prim; I must whistle. Come on, Rollo, away to the house."

I was just upon the eve of resuming my tune, or whatever it was I had been whistling, when a voice, in a very unearthly tone, drawled out:

"Prepare to pucker."

Rollo barked; my lips instantly relaxed; I looked all around me, but seeing no sign of humanity, and not being as courageous as swift-footed, I had recourse to the latter expedient, and never stopped until half-way up the garden, in sight of the porch, where Aunt Jane sat shelling peas. I was out of breath, but the good dame made no remark, as it was an everyday affair for me to have a chase with Rollo. I took a seat on the step at Aunt Jane's feet, and began to help her in her employment, working with unusual dexterity, for my fingers were twitching nervously, and my whole being still shuddered at the recollection of that ominous, "Prepare to pucker!"

I felt sorry when the peas were all shelled; I knew I should have to go to my room for my work-basket, and I was afraid to venture alone up the winding stairs and through the wide old halls, so I asked my aunt if there were anything she would like to have me do.

"Yes, Bertha; mother wants two hanks of yarn from the garret. Go up and get them from the lot which hangs in the further end."

Was ever a poor mortal sent upon a more fearful expedition? I started, mentally resolving that I would do as I had never done before, but what I had often heard of others doing, viz., whistle to "keep my courage up."

I began a tune when I left the latitude of the sitting-room, but, alas!

"Bertha!" shrieked my grandma. "Stop that noise!"

"Yes, ma'am," I replied, "far up the height," and ran the full length of the garret, snatching the yarn from the nails with force enough to take their heads off, had the yarn been stronger, and ran back again, with the peculiar sensation, in going down-stairs, that a host of rats was close upon my heels.

I stopped in my own room for my basket, knowing that I had to die but once, and I would go through the trial like a martyr. I survived, however, and was made well aware that I was still in the flesh by grandma's declaration, as I gave her the yarn:

"Bertha, something dreadful will happen to you if you don't leave off whistling."

There were ghosts about me all the rest of the day, but they were only visible in the corners, behind the doors, and in the shadows. It was only after I went to bed that they seemed to revel in consciousness, and chattered and whispered in my ear. They stood in a row, and one said, "Prepare to pucker," when every mouth was drawn up instantaneously, as if with a gathering thread; and, whistling all the keys of the gamut and out of it, made the night hideous. I was almost wild as one of the ghostly choir stepped up and asked me:

"Dost thou like the serenade, O whistler?"

Afraid to say no, I stammered "yes," when, with a terrible clutch, the horrid creature took me by the hair, and said in sepulchral tones:

"Then be thou imbued with our spirit, and let thy life whistle itself away, until thou art one of us."

I screamed, and my spectral musicians disappeared, while Aunt Jane called from her room.

"What's the matter, Bertha?"

"Dreaming, auntie," I answered, as quietly as I could, though I shivered as if with ague. I began to believe that grandma was a prophetess.

The next evening, at sunset, I was sitting on the step, when Cousin Robert came walking up the lane. I had not seen him for a week, and was more cordial than usual in my welcome, for I liked him, and we were good friends.

"Come, Bert," he said, "let us take a stroll in the setting of the sun, it is such a pleasant hour."

I joined him, and he straightway took the path through the garden to the old trying-place. Presently he commenced to whistle; then he stopped, and turning to me, said:

"Bert, why don't you take your part?"

We often whistled duets, I accompanying him soprano with alto.

"I have almost given up whistling, Robert," I replied, twirling my hat around by the strings, and looking down into the grass through which we were wading.

"Whew!" he exclaimed. "What now? Haven't succumbed to the old foggy ideas of grandma and Aunt Jane at last, have you?"

I was vexed with him, and provoked with myself, so I carelessly answered:

"No, not exactly; but I will not whistle in their presence any more, and I think that I owe some regard to their wishes; they think—"

"Oh, pshaw! I know what they think well enough; and I know, too, that Aunt Jane will have you as prim as she is before long," interrupted Rob.

"Well, Rob, I will whistle with you this time," I quietly rejoined. So we began "Annie Laurie," but it was no use. "Wait, Rob, I'm not ready," I said, ashamed of the failure. Another effort; it was totally unsuccessful on my part, and poor "Annie Laurie" evaporated into thin air.

"Now, Bert, you are horribly out of practice," said Rob, in no very patient tone. "I believe you are putting on airs, trying to be a young lady. Well, you are sixteen; I declare it's a time to sober down; but you can whistle two years longer without detriment to your dignity, I think. Now tell me," he continued, for we were already under the oak, and he searched my face with his great brown eyes, "is there no other reason why you won't whistle with me?"

I felt the color come and go in my face like heat-lightning in the summer sky, so without so much as looking at him, I replied:

"Oh, Rob, let me alone, and do cease this senseless twaddle."

He seemed much surprised at my earnestness, but was more amiable than I expected him to be, so, with a bow, he remarked:

"Miss Bertha Russell, I regret that I have offended you with the inappropriateness of the selection of themes with which to entertain your majesty. I shall be more circumspect hereafter, if you will pardon the indiscretion of an inexperienced youth."

I had half a notion to laugh and half a notion to cry, but I did neither. We remained by the water-side until the stars peeped out, and then we went back to the house.

Robert was quiet and distant, and would not be roused by my sallies, which sounded tamer than ever. Before we reached the porch he said:

"Bertha, if my father can spare me, I will go to the oak to-morrow morning to read; I wish you would bring your work as you used to do; I have been down several times and have not found you."

I brightened up at once, for nothing pleased me more than to hear him read.

Then he bade me good-night, but it was in a very deferential tone, and with that dignified "Bertha;" so, after he started, I called to him:

"Rob!"

He turned.

"Well?"

"Rob, call me Bert!"

"Certainly. Good-night, Bert!"

Then I knew that he was not angry.

The next morning I was more industrious than ever, and was on my way to the oak by the time the dew had disappeared. I waited some time, but as Rob did not come, I took out my work, knowing that the moments would not seem so tedious if I were employed. Working and thinking are twin sisters; and, as my fingers were busy with the one, my thoughts were no less active. The events of the previous evening came up before me; and, as I thought of Rob, offended and haughty, I felt sorry that I had not broken my half-formed resolution, without exciting the suspicion that I had taken a step toward Aunt Jane's code of etiquette. The more I thought, the more dissatisfied I grew, and, after exclaiming aloud, "Oh, dear, I wish Rob would come!" I added, "Now I'll practice 'Annie Laurie,' and just show him that I dare whistle, if I will."

So I began as cleverly as ever, until just as I reached the strain—"I lay me down and dee"—the words occurring in mind only—the dreaded voice uttered the fearful warning, "Prepare to pucker!"

The "dee"ing didn't seem so desirable under the circumstances, but, fearing that I was duped by my imagination, I tried it again. Then the tones sounded hoarsely in my ear the same disagreeable words.

Forgetting Rob and everything else, I ran to the house without stopping, resolving that I would never whistle again to please anybody.

Weeks passed, and no Rob. Aunt Jane went over to the farm, and learned that he had been sent away on important business for his father, so I did not see him for three months after that memorable evening.

Grandma and auntie were delighted to notice the change in my habits, and congratulated me upon my success in conquering my fault. I felt guilty when I received their praises without a word of explanation; how could I tell them of the evil genius which haunted me, when the dear old souls believed me a convert to their teachings? I did not wish to be ladylike and refined, and I did want to whistle; but it was utterly impossible with such an embargo upon my lips, so I let them enjoy the imaginary fruit of their labors, and kept my secret shut up in my own breast.

I never went to the oak, but always walked in an opposite direction. I was no coward with the real before me; I could take the offensive or the defensive as the case required, but I could not fight with shadows nor battle with the unseen, so I withdrew from the field, acknowledged myself vanquished, and solaced myself with the truism, "Discretion is the better part of valor."

The bright October days had come, when Cousin Rob made his appearance quite unexpectedly. How well he looked, with his bright eyes and roguish smile, his manly bearing and clever words! And how quickly I responded to his call:

"Come, Bert, throw down that work, and let's have a walk."

"Which way, Rob?" I asked, as I tied my hat and drew my shawl around me.

"To the oak! To the oak, of course!" he answered, looking down into my eyes.

A shadow crept over my face. There was something in Rob's eye that I didn't like, and the dimpled twitches about his mouth were more mischievous than ever. I was a little disconcerted, but determined to send out my pickets to watch his movements, so that I should not be surprised. It is needless to say that I forgot all about this when we reached the oak tree, and the dying leaves rustled beneath our tread. Taking our old seats, we talked of the bygone, and of all that had happened since we were there together.

"By-the-way, Bert," inquired Rob, "do you whistle now-a-days?"

"No, Rob, I don't; I am cured, and never expect to indulge in that way again," I replied, most emphatically.

"Wh-e-w!" shrieked Rob, in a miserably provoking style.

Then, springing to his feet, he broke forth into a prolonged fit of laughter, while I stood looking at him, wondering whether he was simply amused or entirely crazy.

"Well, sir, what's the matter now?" I asked.

"In this the way to make fun of your cousin?"

Seeing my flushed face and hearing my indignant tones, Rob checked his laughter, and taking me by the arm, pointed up into the tree, his cap falling off as he leaned backward, and I caught it.

"Look, cousin dear!" he said, his words being flanked by outbursts of merriment, which did not help me to feel any more comfortable at the sight.

There, among the branches of the oak, where they intertwined and made a dense shade, was constructed a rural chair, and there were Rob's books, piled up and protected by a little roof, which served for a desk.

"Why, that's very cozy, Rob!" I exclaimed, in unfeigned delight. "When did you arrange it?"

"Early in the summer, Bert?"

"And you never showed it to me before!" I exclaimed.

"Bert, what did you think kept me away the morning I told you I was coming here to read?"

Rob inquired, without paying the slightest heed to my exclamation.

"I suppose uncle wanted you, of course," I answered.

"A charitable supposition, truly," he replied; and then, with his face brimful of merriment, added: "Why, Bert, I was here all the while, and did read while you worked."

Light was breaking over the hitherto darkened east of my mind, as I said:

"Rob, you're very sly."

But the full dawn came as he stepped back, and that well-known voice once more uttered:

"Prepare to pucker!"

For a minute I was silent, then I poured forth a volley of reproaches:

"Rob, you are a cheat, a rogue, a wicked fraud upon humanity, and I will never forgive you," and I hurled his cap far out into the water. Rob had been stepping backward, as if to get beyond the latitude of my wrath, when, just as his unfortunate cap took its departure, his heel struck an extended root of the tree, and over the bank he went, down into the stream below. Not anticipating this unexpected disappearance, I was for a moment horrified, but remembering it was only the creek, I called out, "Whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad!" Say, Rob, prepare to pucker!"

He fought with the waves some minutes, lost his footing, and his head was under water, but not a word did he utter, nor a call for help. I then remembered that there was a deep hole somewhere near the bank, and fearing he might get into it, and knowing my inability to help him, I ran across the road and sounded one of my signal whistles, which was followed by another as soon as I regained my breath. In a very little while the men from the field came running down, and by the time they had rescued Rob from his perilous situation, Aunt Jane appeared, frightened almost out of her senses; Rob was quite senseless, and I thought him dead, as they laid him, pale and dripping, in the blanket I had prepared. They rubbed and warmed him, and he soon opened his eyes. I was so thankful that he was alive, the tears of gratitude streamed from my eyes; but how would he receive me? What would he say, after my harsh cruelty?

He slept quietly for an hour. I sat by his side. Presently he awoke.

"Bert," he said, "where is Bert?"

"Here, dear Bert," I replied, bending over him.

"Can you forgive me, little Bert?"

"Oh, hush, Rob; will you forgive me?" I cried;

"I am so miserable."

"Don't cry, Bert," he said; "we have been naughty children, but we will forgive and forget." Years have passed since these events—years full of change. Grandma and Aunt Jane sleep side by side in the burial-ground.

My elegant residence stands upon the site of the old home, and the "Whispering Oak" is one of my favorite resorts.

My husband has just come in to tea, and, looking over my shoulder as I write, he reads this page, and says:

"Well done, Bert;" then tapping my chin, adds, in the sepulchral tone of old, "Prepare to pucker!"

I obeyed the injunction, dear reader, but not for whistling.

### Colonel Benton and the Woolly Horse.

A WASHINGTON correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial relates the following anecdote of the late Colonel Benton:

Next door to Shillington's, on Pennsylvania avenue, a fellow came one day, about 1850, and opened a show. He had music playing at the door—a hurdy-gurdy, or something—and across the pavement stretched a gorgeous transparency to this effect:

THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN FORT.

Captured by CAPTAIN JOHN C. FREMONT, U. S. A., On Exhibition Here.

It is neither horse nor stag, nor antelope, but a marvelous combination of them all; an extraordinary nondescript, the puzzle of the faculty, the miracle of nature, the admiration of the world!

The day after this spectacle opened, Dr. Wallace, now of the New York Herald, a favorite of Benton, was looking over the papers in Shillington's, when Colonel Benton, in his ponderous and stately way, turned the corner, coming down Fourth-and-a-half street. He heard the music of the hurdy-gurdy, and seeing the great painted canvas over the pavement, he folded his cloak around him and proceeded to read the inscription. As he did so, his English nose began to expand; his whiskers, brushed forward like gun-wads, began to curl; his gray eyes looked feline.

Wallace, inoffensively reading the papers, was suddenly disturbed by the colonel laying violent hands upon him.

"Here, sir! You! I want you, sir!" said he, in his deepest and most dreadful tones.

He put his talons into Wallace's shoulder, lifting him almost off his feet, shoved him ahead, and poked him along into the street and up the pavement. At the door of the show he took Wallace by the nape of the coat collar and gave him a chuck up-stairs.

"Stop," said the showman, "you have not paid your admission!"

"How much, sir, is it?" said Benton, tartly;

"what is your fare, sir?"

"Quarter of a dollar!"

Benton produced the quarter and handed it over graciously. Then he clucked Wallace further upstairs.

"Go on, sir; I want you for a witness!"

"Stop!" said the showman below, to Benton, who had pushed by him. "I must have your fare, too!"

"I don't recognize you, sir," cried Benton; "go on," to Wallace.

Wallace, in great consternation to know what this meant, was propelled into the show-room, while the door-keeper followed hard after to recover his money.

There stood the woolly horse eccentric, indeed, at his ruminations, divided from the people by a rope. Across this rope the colonel vaulted. He fixed his talons in the nondescript's wool, with another grip upon his crupper, and, at a jerk, tore away hide, horns, and the whole outrigery of the quadruped.

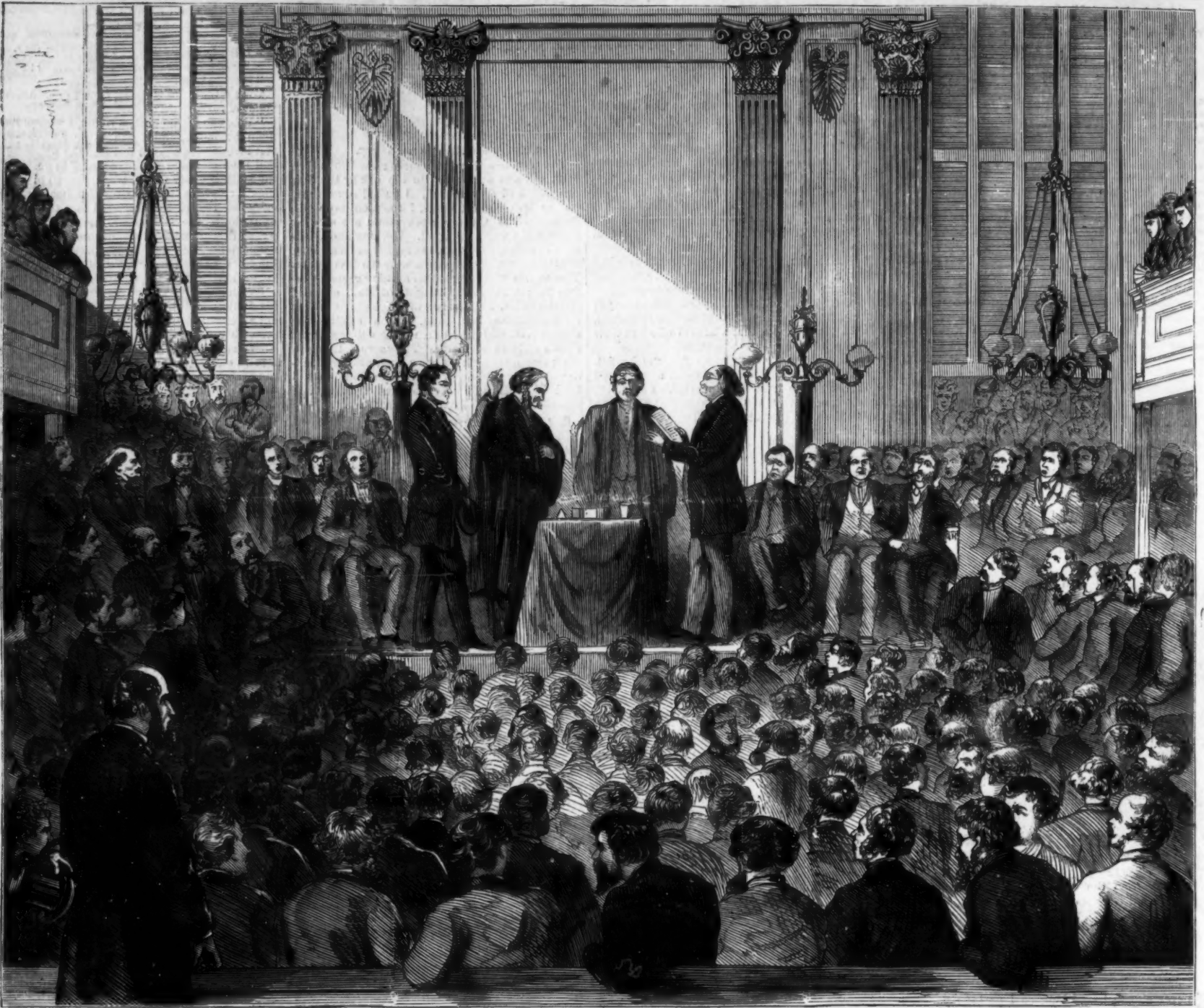
"There," said the colonel, in a scream, standing upon this hide like an eagle upon a spear. "You are an impostor, sir! You slander, in this impudent, an officer of the army. I give you twenty-four hours to leave this city. Depart!"

He slung Wallace aside, paying no more attention to him, and stalked up toward the Capitol.

Shillington says, that in ten minutes there wasn't a vestige of the showman left. Dray-horse, hurdy-gurdy, and canvas, folded their wings, like the Arabs, and silently passed away.

DURING the Vermont State Fair, a conductor of a railroad innocently extended his hand to a rustic young lady, expecting she would produce her ticket. To his great surprise she seized his hand, squeezed it most affectionately, and with much sweetness of manner propounded the conundrum of "How's your father?" adding the remark that "it was nice weather." A stern sense of duty compelled the conductor to undeceive the fair creature, and explain to her that he wasn't "a friend of the family," but that his business was to take tickets.





THE INSTALLATION OF THE REV. DR. MCCOSH AS PRESIDENT OF THE COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY, PRINCETON, N. J., OCTOBER 27TH, 1868.—THE OATH OF OFFICE ADMINISTERED BY THE HON. A. O. KARRISKIE, CHANCELLOR OF THE STATE.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 135.



THE GREAT FIRE AND PETROLEUM EXPLOSION AT HUNTER'S POINT, N. J., OCTOBER 26TH—DESTRUCTION OF THE SS LORD HAVERTON, AND OF OIL REFINERIES ON THE SHORE.—SEE PAGE 135.



HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.

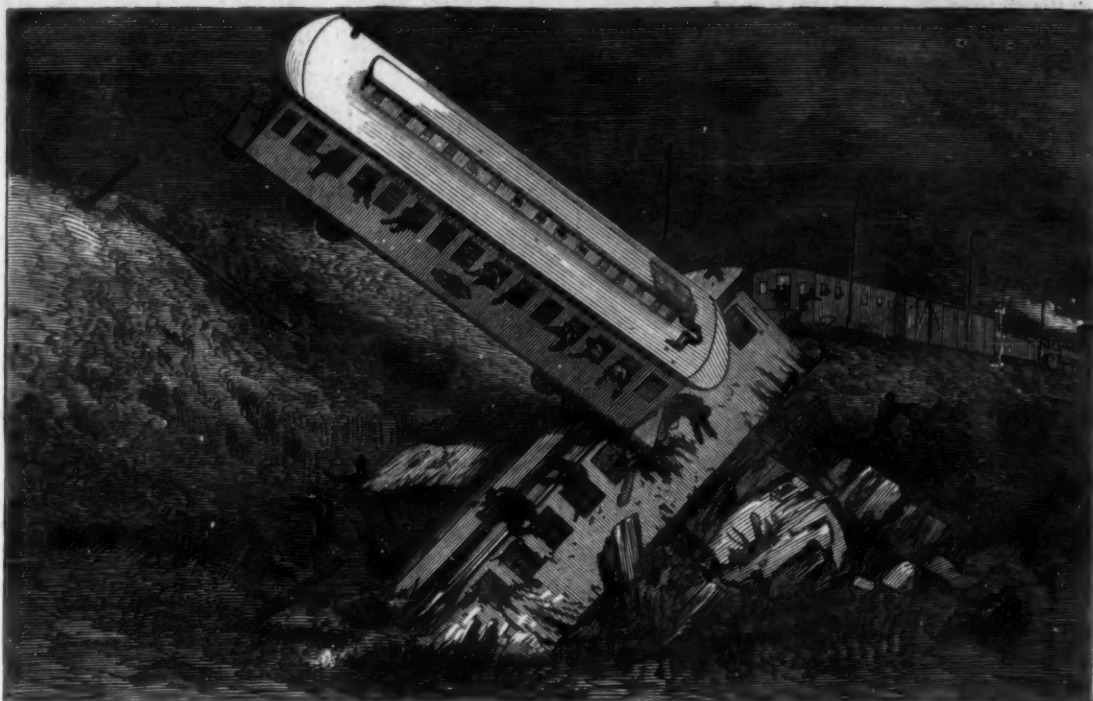
HOME INCIDENTS.

**The Terrible Accident on the Hudson River Railroad, near East Albany, N. Y., October 23d.**

A serious accident occurred during the night of October 23d, at a point two-and-a-half miles south of East Albany, N. Y., on the Hudson River Railroad. The 6-30 New York Express, while going north at full speed, ran on a broken rail, breaking the train in two. The engine, baggage, and two express cars passed over in safety, but the smoking, two passenger cars and two sleeping-cars were hurled from the track, over an embankment ten feet high. The two passenger cars were completely wrecked. About twenty-five persons were injured, several very seriously. Fortunately the stoves in the cars were securely fastened and did not upset, so that there was no repetition of the fearful scenes of burning that at Angola and elsewhere thrilled our community with horror.

**"Cling Close to the Rocks!"**

As a long train of cars was recently passing over the Alleghany Mountains on its way eastward, the engineer saw a little girl and her baby brother playing on the track. The screech of the whistle startled the girl, and perceiving the danger of herself and brother, she looked about wildly for a moment, and then seizing the baby, thrust him into a niche which had been formed by blasting the rocks. As the little creature



TERRIBLE ACCIDENT ON THE HUDSON RIVER RAILROAD, NEAR EAST ALBANY, N. Y., OCTOBER 23D, 1868.

snuggled in, the thoughtful girl cried in a voice that sounded through the cars as they came thundering by "Cling close to the rock, Johnny, cling close to the rock!"

**Caught in a Sewer.**

Mr. John Magill, ex-City Commissioner of Troy, N. Y., was recently buried in a sewer into which he had descended to inspect the works. He had scarcely reached the bottom, when the earth on both sides caved in, burying him up to his armpits. His head was erect, and he was just able to breathe. Assistance came in answer to his cries, but owing to the looseness of the earth about the banks, it was not until several hours had elapsed that the sufferer was extricated from his perilous situation.

**A Canine Nurse.**

A few days ago a lady of Gloucester, Mass., had occasion to leave her house for a few moments, and left her baby, but six months old, on the dining-room floor. On returning, she became quite frantic at the absence of the little one, and after having instituted a thorough search about the premises, she discovered that the family dog had taken the baby to the garret, and deposited it in a basket of old rags.

**A Boy Shot by a Woman.**

On Sunday afternoon, October 25th, a number of suspicious-looking boys came to Pier 52 East river, where a canal-boat was moored, and finding that there was no person on board but a woman, they commenced



"CLING CLOSE TO THE ROCK."



A BOY SHOT DEAD BY A WOMAN IN NEW YORK CITY.



A HUSBAND'S DILEMMA.



CAUGHT IN A SEWER.



THE BABES IN THE WOOD.



FATAL RESULT OF UNSAFE CAT COUPLING.



A CANINE NURSE.



MURDER AT THE HUNTER'S POINT FINE, OCTOBER 25TH, 1868.



A BOY'S TEAM.



throwing stones and lumps of dirt at her. The woman appealed to them to desist, but in vain, and the annoyance was kept up until the young rascals were driven away by an officer. The gang returned on Monday, and resumed their mischief. The woman, whose name is Fanny Tiney, was again alone, her husband having left the city to transact some business. After firing pieces of coal for nearly half an hour, the boys jumped on the boat, when the woman drew a revolver, and fired at the leader, John Condon, the ball passing through his heart. The woman was arrested, and held to await the result of the coroner's inquest.

#### Murder at the Hunter's Point Fire, October 25th.

During the progress of the fire at the Kerosene Oil Works at Hunter's Point, L. I., on the evening of October 25th, a man named Burke, residing in New York, got into an altercation with Thomas Kane, a watchman in the employ of the Long Island Railroad Company, because the latter had prevented him from rolling away a barrel of naphtha. Burke drew a revolver and fired three shots at Kane, one of the balls entering his back, and causing injuries which it is feared he will not survive. Burke was arrested and locked up to await the result of his outrageous assault.

#### The Babes in the Wood.

The citizens of Atkinson, N. H., were recently thrown into an intense excitement by a report that two children of Mr. Rufus Morse, aged respectively three and four years, had been missing from their home through an entire day; and that, although diligent search had been made, no trace could be found of the little ones. A large party of neighbors immediately joined in the search, and, after many efforts, were about giving up, when one of their number plunged into a swamp, and there found the babes, exhausted and almost dead. The youngest was about half immersed in the mud and water, and was sleeping with his head resting on a log.

#### A Husband's Dilemma.

A few evenings ago, a gentleman entered one of the Bloeker street cars to return home, and the car had gone but a short distance, when his wife also entered the car, and taking a seat at his side, informed him quite spiritedly that she had resolved to go wherever he went. To this he objected, and angry words ensued. When the car reached Bloeker street, the husband made a dash for the platform; but the wife, noticing the movement, started to her feet and seized him by the skirts of his coat. After a severe tussle both parties got into the street, when the husband struck the wife a heavy blow in the face. The belligerents were taken into custody, and, after making charges against each other, repented of their action, linked their arms, and started for their home in Brooklyn.

#### Fatal Results of Unsafe Car-Couplers.

Elias Moser, an estimable young man, while endeavoring to couple some coal cars at Temagou, Penn., a few days ago, was caught between the bumpers, and literally crushed to death. These cars are so constructed that a man has to place himself between the bumper on each car, and accidents of this nature are by no means infrequent. With all the attention that has been bestowed on railroad matters in this country, it seems strange that railroad managers are so unmindful of the risks entailed upon their employees. Various patents have been granted for self-acting couplers, and railroad workmen have rights which the companies are bound to respect. It is but a duty that they owe to the men who do their work to adopt some apparatus by which the fearful risks now attending car-coupling may be done away with.

#### A Boy's Team.

At the recent agricultural fair at Milford, Mass., a little boy eight years of age exhibited a pair of black calves, twins, not over five months old, which were perfectly broken to draw a little blue cart made for the purpose. While exhibiting his novel team the little fellow's hat was nearly filled with money, which so overcame him with joy that he first cried, then laughed, next tried to talk, broke down, and finally ran away, leaving the docile calves to the mercy of strangers.

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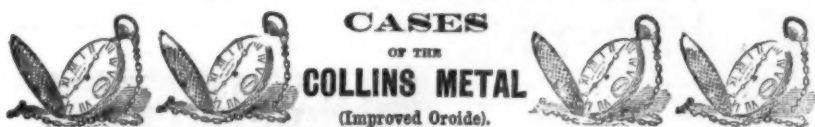
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